commonweal

The Editors
AFTER ISRAEL'S RAID

ONE DOLLAR

JULY 3, 1981

John C. Cort
HOW THE FEMALES ENDED MALE OPPRESSION

Abigail McCarthy
ANOTHER SIDE OF ISLAM

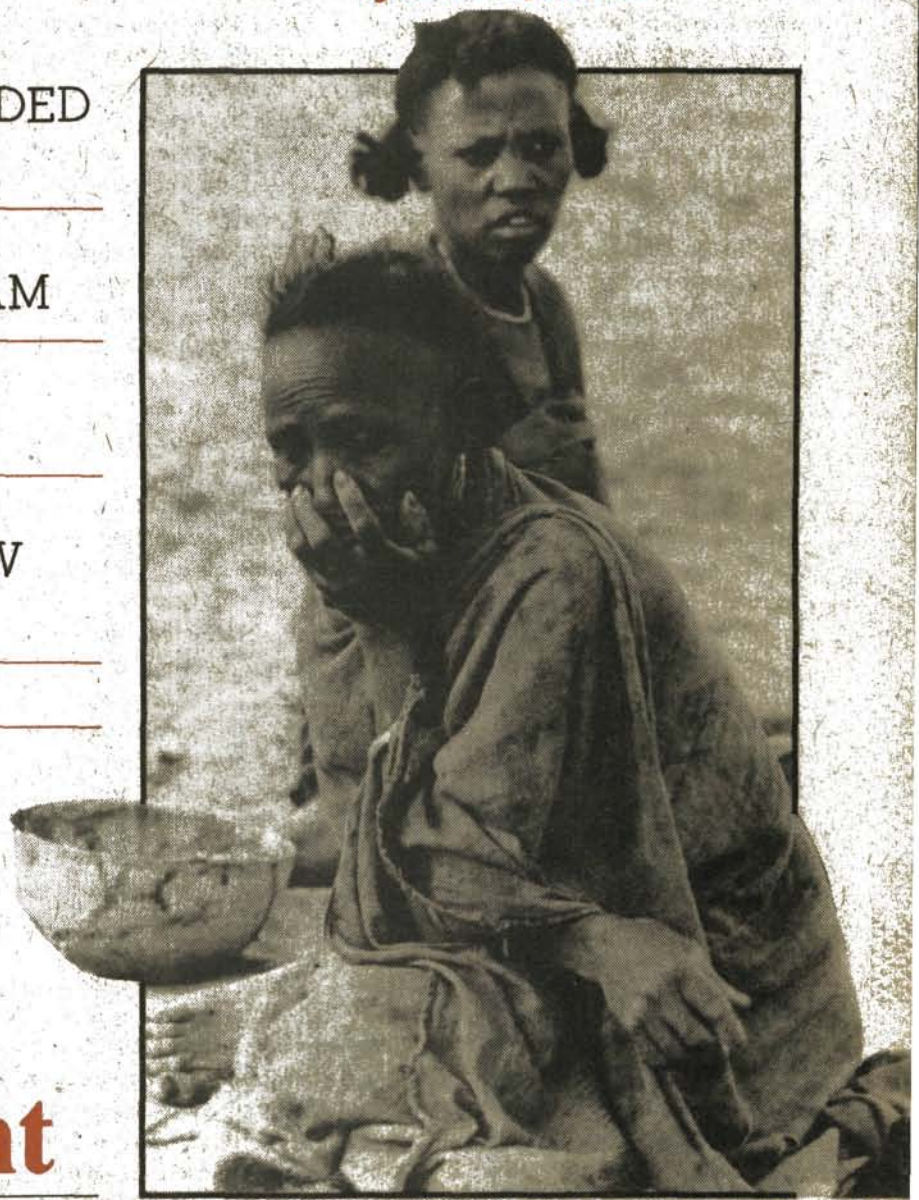
J. Bryan Hehir
S. AFRICAN CHOICES

Ralph A. Keifer
SCHILLEBEECKX: A NEW REFORMATION

Saul Maloff: PHILIP ROTH

Nicolaus Mills: IMAGES OF LABOR

Jean Bethke Elshtain:
EPSTEIN'S AMBITION



Drought & development

AFRICA'S OTHER FAMINE

RICHARD W. FRANKE & BAR

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Correspondence

A little bit of bigotry?

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: The advertisement for *The New Oxford Review* ("Defend the Family Sensibly") in the May 8 issue struck me as a bit odd for a magazine of your liberal persuasions. As a homosexual, I found particularly offensive the equation of gay politics with "the lethal forces at loose eating away at the health of the American family." To me, this kind of rhetoric is pure Moral Majority, nothing more, nothing less. (What the devil, for instance, is gay careerism—hairdressing, lumber jacking, playwriting?) To try and cloak it as some kind of intellectual forum, and then to put a "Christian" label on it, is to play into the hands of the hate groups surrounding the likes of Jerry Falwell. Is it because *Commonweal* needs funds that it needs to solicit advertising revenue from groups such as this? And is the implied message in this advertisement that a little bigotry is okay, provided it is reasoned out and cushioned by such Reaganesque terms as "family," "life-affirming," etc.?

I think the staff of *Commonweal* should re-think this thing and give this ad the can — it reeks of fascism and bad vibes.

TOM NICKELS

Gay politics

San Francisco, Calif.

To the Editors: Your magazine has become an integral part of my reading on a variety of today's issues. Your many fine columnists, perceptive commentaries, and diverse film and book reviews are to be lauded for their contributions toward a healthy and informative press.

Recently, I notice you have been carrying subscription ads for *The New Oxford Review*, which among other things purports to defend the orthodoxy of the pope and Christian church, provide a "sensible alternative to the network of Catholic opinion in journals purveying dubious theology and pre-Christian morality," (whatever that may mean), offer a monthly column on "personal sanctity from, of all places, Berkeley." I was a bit surprised that *Commonweal* would offer advertising space to a publication baiting potential subscribers with cheap sloganeering, naive rhetoric, and simplistic observations of the world and the Christian church.

My surprise turned to indignation when, in the May 8 issue, you permitted another ad by *New Oxford Review* titled, "Defend the Family Sensibly." I took particular offense at a part of the ad which included "gay" politics as one of "the lethal forces at loose eating away at the health of the American family." Gay people have long struggled for their dignity and there could be nothing more vital to that struggle than gay politics. They have and will continue to organize and fight oppressive structures and thinking which deny them full human rights, or as the *New Oxford Review*, in rather glaring contradiction later in their ad stated, "affirmation of the dignity of every human life."

Gay people are not out to undermine the American family, convert children, nor dehumanize "sacred" institutions of society. Rather, they wish to live, love, and work within the universal human family. Certainly, it was to this human family that Christ spoke; a family, a kingdom beyond class and economic status, beyond rigid roles of male and female, beyond human institutions so often repressive and demeaning of life. The Spirit is forever revealing to us and being gay is part of that ongoing revelation, that fresh discovery about the many paths to sexuality.

Yours has been a magazine often critical of the institutional church; you have invited debate, reflection, and new insight into the many issues of our day. I should hope that you would more carefully scrutinize ads such as those for the *New Oxford Review*. It doesn't belong in a magazine of integrity and intelligence.

CRAIG M. MACHADO

Some inherent flaws?

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Here's an insider's response to "An Outsider's Look at Catholic Social Thought" [Apr. 10].

I share Samuel Hux's enthusiasm for Catholic social thought for its insistence on the social nature of property, its legitimating of state intervention, for the common good, to restrict the extent of the package of property rights and—at least since John XXIII—its espousal of co-determination schemes in industry.

I wonder, though, if he is fair in seeing the main obstacle to its wider acceptance in an American allergy to things Catholic. I have learned from other outsiders' views to see some of the inherent flaws in the social tradition itself.

First, as Richard Camp shows in his *The Papal Ideology of Social Reform*, Catholic thought never really has given adequate emphasis to economic growth as a basic requirement of social reform or exhibited sufficient appreciation for conditions of modern industry and commerce which provide this growth. Granted that Catholic pre-occupation with just distribution acts as a healthy counterweight to those who pretend that an increase in GNP alone counts, however distributed. Still, few economic planners will long listen to the rightful Catholic distributist claims (the glory of the tradition) unless they are balanced, much more than they have been, with equally rightful claims for increased productivity. The Catholic bias, of course, would assert that workers have a just claim on investment savings collected in their name—by the state or, preferably, in workers' investment funds contributed from corporation profits—for re-investment toward productivity.

(Continued on page 415)

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Contents

Volume CVIII, Number 13

Correspondence	386
Editorials	387
Images of émigrés: *J.S. Fuerst*	390
Outsider archbishop: *Alain Woodrow*	391
'The dark side of Islam': *Abigail McCarthy*	393
Hard choices in South Africa: *J. Bryan Hehir*	395
Africa's other famine: *Richard W. Franke & Barbara H. Chasin*	396
How the females put an end to male oppression: *John C. Cort*	399
Herald of a new reformation?: *Ralph A. Keifer*	401
Screen: *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.*	403
Art: *Nicolaus Mills*	405
The exactions of art: *Saul Maloff*	406

Books

Ambition: *Jean Bethke Elshtain*	408
The Mind of John Paul II/ Sources of Renewal/How the Pope Became Infallible: *James Heft*	410
Religious Book Notes: *Marianne Sawicki*	412
America, Lost & Found: *Stephen Darst*	414

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AFTER THE ISRAELI STRIKE

IS THE WORLD a more or less dangerous place after the Israeli air strike on Iraq's nuclear reactor? Is the security of Israel itself strengthened or diminished?

The *New York Times* did not mince words in its opinion: "Israel's sneak attack . . . was an act of inexcusable and short-sighted aggression." *The New Republic* was no less certain: "Faced with this threat, Israel had little choice but to take its defense into its own hands." We've had more time than most editorialists to ponder the questions above. It hasn't helped much. The more we know, and the more we know what we don't know, the knottier the issues become. They should be disentangled, nonetheless, because in large measure those questions remain open ones: the answers depend on where the world and Israel, in particular, go from here.

Liberal instincts run rather automatically against the settlement of disputes between nations by military action. That's the way it ought to be. But instincts can only be the starting point for thinking a problem through. Three facts about the Israeli-Iraq conflict seem indisputable. First, Iraq is a nation essentially at war with Israel. It has never signed an armistice with Israel after any of the Mideast wars. It even avoids referring to *Israel* in its official statements, substituting phrases like "the Zionist entity" to indicate Israel's illegitimacy. And while, contrary to Mr. Begin's declaration, Iraq has never specifically threatened the use of nuclear weapons against Israel, its leaders have spoken with anticipation of the destruction of Tel Aviv.

Second, the war aims of the two nations are not symmetrical. No one supposes Israel to have designs on Iraqui territory. Iraq, on the other hand, clearly challenges Israel's very existence as a nation. Third, the Iraqui nuclear effort was directed toward obtaining the capacity for nuclear weapons. True, it may *also* have been pursuing the legitimate right of any state to develop nuclear technology for energy reasons, however superfluous that energy source may appear in such an oil-rich land, or simply to expand a prestigious or potentially useful scientific infrastructure. And to date, it may have abided by international safeguards against diverting nuclear materials for weapons use. But to examine the overall pattern of Iraq's procurement of nuclear technology and fuel and not to conclude that a weapons capacity was a major consideration demands an almost willful naiveté.

Given these realities, why was Israel's strike any less justified than the raid Iran made on the same nuclear facility last September? Indeed, considering that Israel is far more vulnerable to nuclear attack than the extensive territory of Iran and that Iraq's quarrel with Iran is far more limited in scope, isn't the Israeli raid far *more* justified? It would be going too far to compare the Israeli act to the Berrigan brothers' assault on potential first-strike weapons at the King of Prussia General Electric plant: for one thing, the Israeli raid did kill one individual; for another, it was far more efficient. But in contrast, say, to Israeli air strikes in Lebanon, this was

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as nearly an anti-military example of military action as a pacifist could imagine — aimed not at people but at death-dealing property, a kind of neutron bomb in reverse.

Such thoughts as these may counter a natural and healthy suspicion of a preemptive attack like Israel's — but, still, there is more to be said, and on both sides of the debate. Critics of Israel complained, for example, that it had not exhausted all the diplomatic possibilities before taking this dangerous step. Israeli diplomatic efforts stretch well back in the last decade, however. It tried to talk the French and Italians out of supplying Iraq with the threatening technology. To no avail. Of course, further diplomatic attempts were possible. Further diplomatic attempts are always possible. The problem is that pursuing them may permit a critical moment to pass, after which military action, should diplomacy fail, is no longer possible.

And here we come to several of the unknowns in this episode. There has been considerable debate over whether the Iraquis had already embarked on the process of manufacturing weapons, or could do so in the near future; over whether Baghdad could have a bomb in hand by the end of this year, or in two years, or in ten years. But the crucial deadline, according to the Israelis, was not posed by the actual production of weapons but by the fact that the Iraqui nuclear facility was about to go "on-stream," after which point its destruction would have spread radiation over the surrounding populated area. Was this date—given as either the beginning of July or the beginning of September—accurate? Or was it established with an eye to the Israeli elections on June 30? Furthermore, is it true that once operational, the reactor could not have been destroyed without subjecting Baghdad to massive radiation, a claim that, according to Anthony Lewis, has been questioned by a study prepared by the research service of the Library of Congress? Israel's assertions about timing and the later danger of radioactive fallout are central to its case. So far, they have been only peripherally challenged. *Newsweek*, for example, refers to "nuclear scientists" who say that "the danger zone would probably not have extended much beyond 1,000 feet even if the Osirak reactor had been in operation." These points demand further clarification.

For other critics of Israel's action, the question of Iraq's nuclear ambitions is irrelevant: they are willing to take it for granted. So, too, they do not simply regret the recourse to arms before further diplomatic initiatives were at least explored. Instead, they reject the notion of a preemptive strike against nuclear facilities altogether. In their eyes, it sets a precedent in international relations that is more dangerous than living with a nuclear adversary. The U.S., they argue, was wise to resist the temptation of a strike against the budding nuclear capabilities of Russia and China. Had the precedent been otherwise established, Pakistan might have struck at India, as India today might strike at Pakistan. Black Africa could do the same against South Africa. Argentina and Chile might face each other's sudden attacks. Israel could be a target for a fistful of Arab nations—and vice versa. Yet each preemptive action, though it set the world on the edge of crisis, offers only temporary respite. Permanent nuclear security would require repeated preemption, and against an enemy increasingly humiliated, determined, and secretive.

The problem with this criticism is that it asks Israel, or any other nation confronted with a development like Iraq's, to sacrifice its immediate security interests for the overall stability of the international system. True, the individual state may benefit from that overall stability, but enough to outweigh the burden of dealing with a threatening nuclear neighbor? If the world's nations have a general stake in forestalling preemptive strikes, then it would seem that the responsibility for preventing proliferation ought to rest with the nations as a whole, and especially with those which weigh most in the international system. This, of course, has been recognized in principle, and sloughed off miserably in practice.

It is here that the real significance of the Israeli raid may eventually depend on what the world does next. For in breaking the inhibition against preemptive strikes of this sort, Israel also forced the nations to recognize that Emperor Nonproliferation has no clothes. The 1968 nonproliferation treaty, with its more than one hundred signatories, the efforts of the International Atomic Energy Agency to patrol nuclear energy facilities, and the brave but uneven attempts of the Carter administration to enforce some discipline on Western trade in nuclear technology deserve respect; but they all have fallen short of the mark. In the end, the search for profit by Western firms, each nation's fear of losing out to competing economies, and the desire to maintain diplomatic leverage with nations threatening to seek their technology or fuel elsewhere, have poked wide holes in the anti-proliferation safeguards. Nonproliferation should be a high priority item for collective action by the U.S. and European nations. That means a reversal of the administration's attitude, which so far has subordinated concern with the spread of nuclear weapons to its unwillingness to cross any nation on our side of the East-West conflict and to its apparent belief that in this realm as in all others the free pursuit of self-interest is a reliable mechanism that, in any case, cannot be usefully regulated.

If the Israeli raid shocks the West out of its dithering complacency about nuclear nonproliferation, the world will be safer for it. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for the psychological effect of the raid on Israel's own security and the chances for peace in the Middle East. Here is where the profoundest objections to the action lie. Once again, Israel has bought time. But time for what? By further embarrassing Egypt's Sadat, Mr. Begin has only made it all the more likely that once the return of the Sinai is completed a year from now, Egypt will see no reason not to close ranks with the other Arab nations. By demonstrating the violability of Saudi air space, the Israelis may have assured the sale of U.S. AWACS to Riyadh and, in any case, hardened that nation's resolve to strengthen its armed forces. By insisting on the right to aggressively define their security needs over a wider and wider zone, the Israelis have only lent real weight to their neighbors' fears. Israel's intentions may be (largely) defensive; but nations cannot put permanent trust in intentions, there must also be

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In keeping with *Commonweal's* usual summer schedule, the next two issues will be dated July 31 and August 28.

some balance of military capacities.

Finally, if the raid on Iraq cements the election victory of Menachim Begin, a leader who yields little to the fiercest of his Middle East adversaries in the unreliability and irresponsibility of his declarations, whose long-range attitude toward the central issue of Palestinian autonomy appears unyielding, and whose supporters have been as riddled with corruption and anti-democratic impulses as were Mr. Nixon's, then whatever was gained in the air near Baghdad will be lost at the ballot boxes in Israel. Paradoxically, a Begin victory may turn a salutary shock for the rest of the world into a self-inflicted defeat for Israel.

CHURCH DUE PROCESS

Growing by leaps and bounds, as any adolescent knows, is always painful. So with the church. Had there been due process in the church around the turn-of-century Modernist crisis, or later, when the thinking of people like Teilhard de Chardin, Henri de Lubac, and John Courtney Murray was being suppressed by narrow scribes, current "crisis Catholicism" might today be much less of a critical condition. And even today, the church's bold defense of human rights in some quarters is undercut elsewhere by the fact that *within the church* effective procedures for remedying an abuse of authority are often lacking. The beam in our own eye, it would seem, is difficult to remove.

We can only applaud, therefore, the recent news from heartland-U.S.A., the diocese of Belleville, Illinois. The bishop there, William Cosgrove, has just promulgated a meaty bill of *ecclesial* rights. What is more, he's put muscle behind his words by establishing a truly representative board of conciliation and arbitration with sweeping jurisdiction to handle disputes that arise regarding marriage cases, labor union contracts, cases of canonical penalties, doctrinal disputes, and the affairs of seminary and institutions of higher learning in the diocese. In a church which is decentralizing authority, says the bishop, distributing it among personnel boards, liturgical commissions, parish councils, and other such bodies — in effect, going at least half-way back to the presbyterian form of church organization that marked colonial Catholicism — discretionary authority must be limited, and individual and group rights defined.

Belleville's bill of rights includes the following:

- The right and freedom to hear the word of God and to participate in the sacramental and liturgical life of the church.
- The right and freedom to speak and to be heard and to receive objective information regarding the pastoral needs and affairs of the church.
- The right to education, to freedom of inquiry, and to freedom of expression in theological matters.
- The right and freedom to exercise the apostolate and share in the ministry of the church.
- The right to free assembly and association in the church.
- The right to the protection of one's reputation, to respect for one's person, to activity in accord with the upright norm of one's conscience, and to privacy.

Will parishioners now sue for the removal of pastors who can't preach, or parents of children in public schools claim a greater share of parish monies for the religious education of their children? Or will women push demands for fuller participation in all church ministries? Or theologians ask the bishop to mind his own competence? Time will tell.

Belleville's bishop seems willing to trust a process that will demand of all diocesan administrative bodies that they clarify their competence, basic policies, procedures, and standards. Ours is a litigious society; there are risks. But as a visit to the Latin American church will tell you, the U.S. church does not yet belong to the people as it does for many of our Latin sisters and brothers. In comparison, the U.S. church is still largely formed by clerical movers and shakers, and by lay *spectators*. Perhaps one way of altering that reality, changing observers into actors, is to let people know they have rights, and provide channels for their assertion. Passive, silent majorities, after all, represent cynicism; making justifiable demands, on the other hand, represents an act of hope. An act of hope that in the church, above all, the real presence of God's justice is heard and acted upon.

THE PAKISTAN BOMB

Seven years ago India exploded its first nuclear device, imitating its enemy, China. Perhaps inevitably, India's archrival Pakistan then set off on the same route, openly and surreptitiously securing the wherewithal which it hopes will in turn give it The Bomb. Until recently, American efforts were devoted, very sensibly, to checking this further step in nuclear proliferation. Then the Russians marched into Afghanistan, making neighboring Pakistan appear a likely target for additional Soviet aggression, and the American tune changed. President Carter promptly offered Pakistan $400 million in military aid, and President-Dictator Zia just as promptly scorned his offer as "peanuts." Now the Reagan administration has come up with a $3 billion program of military and economic aid, and lo and behold, it has been accepted.

There is nothing particularly novel about all this; it reflects the current conventional wisdom in foreign policy, it follows the accepted pattern of cold and not-so-cold war, and it conforms to the general Reagan policy of throwing money at politico-military problems. What is our quarrel with it? We certainly would like to see any possible Soviet evil intentions toward Pakistan frustrated, and it is precisely this goal that the Reagan administration argues will be achieved by our aid. But it is on this basic thesis that we remain totally unconvinced. We simply do not believe that pumping hundreds of millions of dollars in aid into Pakistan under President Zia is going to

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produce a stable and secure nation, one that might be better able to resist the spread of Soviet influence. Mr. Zia is hardly famous for his devotion to human rights, to understate the matter badly, and it is small wonder that his domestic political opponents are greatly worried about the uses to which he will put the arms we are going to give him. Did we learn nothing from the lesson of Iran about the folly of pumping arms into corrupt and dictatorial regimes?

As for the administration's pious hope that helping Pakistan with conventional arms is the way to encourage it to give up its nuclear ambitions, we suppose this may be conceivable—conceivable, yes, but is it really very likely unless the U.S. gets some kind of guarantee in advance? As a familiar bit of folk wisdom has it, you trust your mother, but you tell her to shuffle the cards, and President Zia is nothing like our mother. Yet so far there is absolutely no sign of any such guarantee from Pakistan, and no sign that Reagan administration officials are worried over this fact. It seems there may be a new Reagan doctrine in the making: just as there are no violations of human rights worth worrying about on this side of the Iron Curtain, so too there are no nuclear bombs worth worrying about unless they are in the hands of obvious enemies—today's enemies, that is, not tomorrow's.

Report from Cuba

IMAGES OF EMIGRES

THE U.S. IS NEVER FAR AWAY

"WHEN MY MOTHER dies, I'll swim across to the United States." Leonidas, a fifty-year-old dark-skinned Cuban, was giving us his reaction to the recent emigration from his island. It was our first day of a week's visit to Cuba, and Leonidas had stopped us on the street in an effort to hustle us into exchanging American dollars for Cuban pesos at a special rate. He spoke English with a New York accent, picked up from an American admiral for whom he had been a houseman at the Guantanamo base. "My nineteen-year-old daughter is already in Miami with her playboy boyfriend. They went over eight months ago with the *escoria* [scum]. One of these days I'll join them. They figured they could do better in the United States than in Cuba. It's too tough to make a buck here. It's easier on the mainland."

Up to 1974, the United States had received 675,000 Cuban refugees. Between 1973 and the end of 1978 another 50,000 came in. Finally, in 1979, a new wave of immigrants began with about 125,000 in all, bringing the total to 850,000.

The first wave of refugees were clearly upwardly mobile people, many of whom had relatives in the U.S. A review of their experience in Miami, and in the U.S. generally, by a Cuban-American sociologist, Juan Clark, indicates staggering accomplishments not dissimilar to those of the German refugees from 1933-1941. The most dramatic indication of the prosperity Cubans have achieved over twenty years is the fact that there are now approximately two hundred millionaires within the Cuban community in Miami, the city with the largest Cuban population. By 1974, seventy percent of the Cubans in Miami owned their own homes, ninety percent possessed at least one automobile; and in large part through their efforts, Miami is now one of the more important cities of the country.

It is in fact this type of statistic which, when percolated back to Cuba, has been responsible for at least a part of the recent migration. Clearly, for some, principally young, Cubans, the question remains, "How're you gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree." Actually, of course, this World War I song has to be sharply modified for today's Cuba. In the first place, thirty percent of the Cuban farms are still privately owned, and it is an admitted fact that the current group with the highest incomes in Cuba are some independent farmers who, in the face of a $1,000 per capita national income, earn $30,000 or more per year. But clearly they are enormous exceptions in this egalitarian economy.

The bulk of the people, and this includes such high officials as Communist party members in high administrative posts (e.g. a director in the Cuban telephone company or various medical specialists), earn not more than $8,000-9,000 a year and perhaps fringe benefits like the use of a car and the right to a better apartment. Yet the consumer goods level of the country is so abysmally low that a serious problem is how to spend what money they earn. Many supermarkets seem to have perhaps two- or three-hundred different items in a store, with no choice as to brand, size, or type.

It was, therefore, not surprising that a Cuban official told me that the main objection to foreign newspapers and magazines, particularly American papers, was not any fear of foreign opinions, but rather a concern about the flamboyant advertisements with home appliances, fantastic gadgets, cars, staggering variety in furniture and clothing.

How do the Cubans in Cuba view those who have left so far? A leading physician and a well-placed party official said that while the country had sorely missed the physicians and scientists who had left in the earlier immigration, it actually helped the regime because it had to develop new doctors and other professionals quickly—and the new breed would be supportive of the regime. Young men and women were sent to Paris, Stockholm, Berlin, and Moscow to learn the best that modern medicine can teach, and apparently they learned well. Presently there is one doctor for every 614 people, about the same proportion that exists in the U.S. Today life expectancy in Cuba is 72 years, compared with 67 in Costa Rica and 72.8 in the U.S. Infant mortality is down to 15 per 1,000 live births which also compares favorably with world infant death rates.

On the other hand, in contrast to successes in health, at least one long-time Communist party official, with forty years experience in a high-placed industrial job, reported that adminis-

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trative competence in such areas as sugar industry management and public utilities was hardly comparable to the skills of American and European managers. Along with absenteeism, and some ingrained habits, this may be responsible for the very low standard of living that is undoubtedly driving a number of young people to the U.S.

THESE recent émigrés are a mixed bag; and, as might be expected, there is a mixed bag of reactions. The emphasis of most Cubans was expressed by Professor Sergio Aguirre of the History Department of the University of Havana, a longtime supporter of the regime, who referred to them as "the canaille" or "the dregs" of the population. There seems little question that a considerable group of the current immigrants are social misfits, including petty thieves, anti-social "criminals," psychoneurotics, and perhaps psychotics. Among them, likewise, seem to be a good sprinkling of homosexuals, who have been subject to discrimination in Castro's Cuba. Then there are the political dissidents, those whom the regime wanted to lose. Along with these are what is clearly still the majority—relatives of Cubans in the U.S. who see a future for themselves on the mainland and those many young people who want a chance for that kind of "high commodity" life they believe is available to anyone who will work hard in the U.S.

Many middle-aged Cubans who remained seemed wistful about not being able to take advantage of life in the U.S. But, they said, "We are too old to begin life anew in the U.S." Or, as one young Jewish intellectual said, "I am a Cuban; I am, in a sense, a Communist, though not a member of the party; and I am respected here in my chosen profession. Even though most of our Jewish friends have left, my parents are still here, and I feel most uncertain about my future in a country like the U.S., or even Colombia where I have well-to-do relatives."

One means that Cuba is depending on to stem the emigration is the almost incredible emphasis on disciplined education. I visited some two dozen Cuban workers' families in their homes (on a randomly selected basis with no guides) and saw more books, more classics—Dostoievski, Tolstoi, Dickens, Washington Irving, Balzac, Dreiser, and, of course, Hemingway—not to mention mysteries by Agatha Christie and Erle Stanley Gardner, plus political tracts by Guevara, Marti, and Lenin, than I would ever expect to see in a corresponding number of middle-class American workers' homes. Related to this emphasis on education was the apparent desire of so many families, from those of the retired dock or railroad worker to those of the carpenter and shoemaker, to have their children grow up as professionals. An unbelievable number of fathers and mothers, formerly residents of rural areas, told me proudly that their children were either doctors, chemists, physicists, school teachers, social workers, or psychologists. One cab driver told me his wife was a professor of Spanish literature at the local college.

The enormous emphasis on youth and adult education in Cuba serves to smooth out the differences between manual and professional workers, rural and urban people, and even old and young. What is amazing to a visitor from a society where housing projects are for the lower, if not the lowest, income group, was to hear a young doctor, resident of a model "development" where everyone pays ten percent of his income for rent, say that people of all incomes and all occupations live in this development with little or no friction. (One explanation of this is the very low housing level of so much of the population—hardly comparable with the health or education achievements of so much of the population.)

No discussion of Cuba can omit the limited freedom of speech—a not inconsiderable reason for emigration. Certainly freedom of radio, TV, or media discussion is not present. And while the ubiquitous bookstores are heavily stocked with classics, attesting to the literacy of the population, they certainly carry little, if any, political or economic literature antithetical to the current regime. On the other hand, criticism of specific governmental policies, and even of the government policies in general, is not infrequently heard in private conversations. Both Catholic and Jewish clergymen and practitioners indicated the limits of religious freedom: religious observers encounter no problem about obtaining employment, but can expect limits to being promoted.

Perhaps the preeminent impression that a visitor takes away from discussions with Cuban workers and their families is that most of them are waiting for the day when the U.S. and Cuba can once again be friends, when, despite our differences, we could have both cultural and economic exchanges.

J. S. FUERST

(J.S. Fuerst, a previous contributor to Commonweal, *is assistant director of urban studies at Loyola University in Chicago.)*

Report from France

OUTSIDER ARCHBISHOP

JEW & CHRISTIAN BOTH

AMONG THE posters covering every available space on walls and hoardings in Paris recently, one praising the merits of the Socialist presidential candidate François Mitterrand bore the slogan: "Une autre façon d'être président" (Another way of being president). The description could be aptly used to characterize the new archbishop of Paris, Jean-Marie Lustiger.

This Jewish convert, of Polish origin, fifty-five-years-old and consecrated bishop just over a year ago, was a complete outsider in the episcopal stakes. John Paul II's choice of this relatively obscure parish priest, first to succeed the charismatic and controversial Guy Riobé in the difficult see of Orléans, and then Cardinal François Marty at the head of the most prestigious diocese of the land, reveals something of the pope's overall strategy.

Archbishop Lustiger is in many ways a Wojtylian figure.

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Not on account of his Polish origin, since he was born in Paris and claims that the only Polish words he knows are "hello," "vodka" and "solidarity." But because he represents those values that the pope appears to prize above all others in choosing bishops: namely, a deep spirituality, a sound and traditional theology, intelligence and a strong personality.

These qualities Jean-Marie Lustiger has in abundance. He devotes one day a week to meditation and places more emphasis on prayer than politics or social action. Doctrinally he is classical and the impression he left with the students of the Sorbonne, where he was chaplain for many years, was that of a man of certitudes. He is a voracious reader, converted to Christianity at fourteen-years-old, then tempted by atheism and marxism. His intelligence is wide-ranging and his personality striking.

As soon as his nomination was made public, Archbishop Lustiger decided to face the press without flinching. He accepted every interview and, for three days, appeared in all the media: newspapers, radio, and television. His most controversial statement, made repeatedly, was that he still considers himself to be a Jew, in spite of his conversion. His claim to a "dual affiliation," Jewish and Christian, was not received too kindly by certain leaders of the Jewish community, who pointed out that "it is as contradictory to be both Jew and Christian as to attempt to square a circle."

Some weeks after his installation, Archbishop Lustiger took a step backward out of the limelight, and is setting about his task of facing his new responsibilities. His first move was to invite the priests of the diocese to come and meet him informally, in groups of ten to fifteen — which means more than sixty sessions, two hours at a time.

He also discovered on arriving in the capital that the meetings he is expected to preside over as archbishop take up a quarter of his time. He is likely to modify this tradition since he is known to be critical of what he calls "reunionitis." In fact, the choice of such forceful and individualistic prelates as Jean-Marie Lustiger suggests the opening of a new era of episcopal appointments which will no doubt alter the physiognomy of the conference of bishops. Ten important sees will fall vacant in the near future, and the trend would appear to be the replacement of middle-of-the-road, "low-profile" bishops, co-opted from Catholic Action circles, by younger, more dynamic and conservative figures, who do not regard collegiality as an excuse for anonymity or endless compromise.

Certainly, to judge from the splash made by Archbishop Lustiger's headlong dive into controversial waters, his appointment is the sign of a new form of leadership for the French church. His selection was something of a challenge, as he possesses all the qualities for reconciling — or alternatively alienating — the warring factions of French Catholicism. He escapes the conventional classifications of "left" and "right," "progressive" and "conservative," but the forthright stands he will undoubtedly take will serve as a touchstone of his popularity.

The French hierarchy naturally regard him with suspicion as an outsider whose designation was an implicit disavowal of the present system of promotion. It is difficult to discover the criteria behind the choice, or the role played by the new papal nuncio, Msgr. Angelo Felici, known for his conservative positions and for the part he played, when he was nuncio in Holland, in the nomination of the two conservative bishops, Gijsen and Simonis. But there can be no doubt that the ultimate choice was John Paul II's. And it would seem that the fourteen months the new archbishop spent as bishop of Orléans served as a time of rest and trial.

In the city of Joan of Arc, he was faced with the unenviable and almost impossible task of reconciling a community divided by the controversial positions adopted by Bishop Guy Riobé, in favor of conscientious objectors and the ordination to the priesthood of married men, and in opposition to the French nuclear deterrent. The see was left vacant for eighteen months after the untimely death, by drowning, of Bishop Riobé.

Archbishop Lustiger's stay in Orléans was too brief to give a very clear idea of his episcopal style, and the word most often used to describe him by those who knew him there was "disconcerting." He was somewhat brutal in his disavowal of the positions defended by his predecessor, and yet he did nothing to ingratiate himself with the bourgeoisie, since he constantly wore a threadbare, velvet, black suit, "which made him look," said one lady councillor, "like a gamekeeper."

With regard to the liturgy, however, he was punctilious to a fault. He always insisted on the most beautiful vestments, the dignity of the service and would brook no laxity with the rubrics. On one occasion, when the faithful began to join in during the Eucharistic prayer, he banged his fist on the altar to express his displeasure. His most lasting, and significant, legacy to the diocese of Orléans was his decision to reopen the diocesan seminary and to set up theological study cycles for the laity and married deacons, whose role he intended to develop in the coming years when the number of priests will be at its lowest ebb.

In spite of his heavy commitments, the new archbishop of Paris met the religious press recently. Under the barrage of questions he didn't lose his sense of humor and generally gave as good as he got. Defining the good journalist as someone who "does not merely ask questions but begins by asking *himself* questions," Archbishop Lustiger recognized the important role played today by the media in the mediation of truth.

He added, however, that he had not read the majority of the articles which had appeared about him. "I have neither the time nor the taste for the star system," he explained, "and I know the temptation of regarding public opinion as a mirror, which only leads to narcissism."

How did he react to the labels that had been attached to him, such as "a man of doctrinal certitude," "a hardliner sent to restore law and order," etc.? The archbishop refused to comment, simply stating, "My arrival in Paris has released a certain number of phantasms into which people project their own hopes or fears."

Does he have a blueprint for the future? "No, the only plan I have is to meet with the clergy and laity of the diocese so that

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we can draw up a plan together. I am more of an infantryman then a commanding officer, and I have no intention of translating my personal experience into a general, hard and fast rule." With regard to the theological formation of the laity, however, Archbishop Lustiger agreed that this is one of his "major objectives." "But," he added, "this should not be taken in the academic sense. I am less concerned with erudition than with the release of spiritual energies. To take an image from the energy crisis, I don't intend to deal with the refining or distribution of petrol. It is the petrol itself which is in short supply, and my first task is to look for new oil wells!"

Does this mean that the strategy developed by Catholic Action with its social and political commitment, and by the worker-priest movement with its insistence on fully sharing in the life of the milieu to be evangelized, is now to be abandoned?

"What is needed first of all," replied Archbishop Lustiger, "is a critical examination of our pastoral and apostolic methods. It is true that the immediate pre- and post-war generations discovered a new type of commitment, generous and courageous, based on the idea of sallying forth from the Christian bastion to bring the Gospel message to the dechristianized masses. Unfortunately, a large sector of this committed generation — my generation — lost its faith. The most dedicated Christians have been unable to bring their own children to follow the same path. Atheism, unbelief, the undermining of morals are partly to blame. This means that the famous cry of Yvan Daniel and Henri Godin which resounded in our ears forty years ago: 'France, pays de mission?' (Is France a missionary country?) is still relevant today. And we must seek to answer this question once more, together with the faithful and the committed Christians — for it is by no means a simple change in episcopal strategy."

On the ecumenical front, Archbishop Lustiger is surprisingly optimistic. "I am deeply convinced," he said, "that what was historically impossible ten years ago is in the realm of possibility today. We belong to the generation that will witness the restoration of the links of unity between the churches. Obviously, it will also depend on our degree of separation, and it will be easier to restore unity between Catholics and Orthodox or even Anglicans than with the Protestants. We should also remember that our divisions are not purely accidental, but a constant feature of our past, and that perfect unity will always be an ideal in the future."

What, finally, is Archbishop Lustiger's conception of his role as bishop? "I have no intention of allowing myself to be turned into a manager, or spiritual Prefect. I am determined to get out and about, and I like traveling in the metro. Obviously it is impossible to be the parish priest of millions of people, but I refuse to remain imprisoned in an administrative role. I want to celebrate my faith, be accessible to the priests and laity, in short fulfill a priestly and sacramental task, as witness of the Word."

Archbishop Lustiger's aims are ambitious, Time will tell whether he will succeed in ushering in a new missionary age for the French church, after fifteen years of crisis, deception, and unseemly squabbling between the Christian-marxists on the one hand, and the integrist followers of Archbishop Lefebvre, on the other. Maybe he will provide the authoritative voice needed by the silent majority. In any case, he could well adopt as his motto: Another way of being archbishop.

ALAIN WOODROW

(Alain Woodrow is Commonweal's *correspondent in France.)*

Of several minds: *Abigail McCarthy*

'THE DARK SIDE OF ISLAM'

IT IS ONLY ONE SIDE OF A BINDING FAITH

COLUMNIST JOSEPH KRAFT created something of an uproar here when he wrote recently that the alleged assassin who attempted to take the life of Pope John Paul II represented the "dark side of Islam." Both Washington papers were inundated with letters defending Muslim culture and demanding to know whether Kraft would also say that the young man who shot President Reagan represented the dark side of Christianity. In part the response was probably the typical American reaction to anything which seems to criticize another's religion. As Kraft himself put it, "censorious scrutiny of other people's religion is a kind of bad form."

The sheer weight and volume of the response was evidence that Islam has become very much part and parcel of our world without our knowing very much about it. Here in Washington, for example, the Islamic Center is one of the local landmarks. During late spring and summer each year there is a veritable flowering of fund-raising church festivals up and down Massachusetts Avenue, which in its more fashionable reaches is called Embassy Row. The Church of the Annunciation (Catholic) has a spring carnival, the Washington Cathedral (Episcopal) holds its annual Flower Mart, the Greek Orthodox Cathedral has a three-day food fair, and at the Center, commonly called the mosque, the Muslim Women's Association has its annual bazaar.

Were it not for the great variety of costumes worn by the people at work and in attendance it would be just like any other church sale. The visitor approaches through a marble courtyard where conducted pilgrimages and summer schools are advertised (although here the pilgrimages are to Mecca), and finds booths under a striped tent where food, plants, clothes, and white elephants are being sold. The sellers, however, are a dramatic reminder of the variety of the Islamic world. The president of the association (a Saudi) is chic and Parisian; the

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women in the Egyptian and Turkish booths are indistinguishable from matrons in other Mediterranean countries like Italy or Spain, but there are also sari-clad Pakistanis and women in the more filmy robes of Indonesia. Flitting here and there are women in white trousers and tunics with faces half-veiled. Perhaps most interesting of all are the women in long blue robes and towel-like white headdresses, who, when asked what country they represent, answer in accents unmistakably American, "We're from right here in D.C."

Muslims, once rare on the American scene, are gaining converts here—and not only among the black followers of Malcolm X and Mohammed Ali. When the Libyan delegation was asked by the State Department to leave this country, one of the most dolorous guests at the farewell party was reported to be a printer from Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He said the Libyans would be sorely missed because they had been so helpful to those propagating the Islamic creed. The religion of Islam is no longer too exotic to make inroads in the Americas; it is the fastest growing religion in Africa, and spreading in Asia. Each year its number of converts is far greater than the number becoming Christians. Add to the multiplying converts the population of the Muslim countries which has doubled in the last thirty years—grown from 350,000,000 to more than 750,000,000—and it becomes clear that the Islamic world is a world to reckon with.

It is that, because to say that there are probably one billion Muslim believers in the world today is not like saying that there might be that many Christians. There are no specifically Christian states but there *are* forty nations in the Conference of Islamic states. Basic to Islamic thought is the concept of *umma*, a community of believers. The current Muslim revival in the world with all its revolutionary force draws on the religious resource of Islam. Says Yakim Moubarac in the Spring, 1980, issue of *Cross Currents*, ". . . religion has never been an isolated sector of life in this (the Muslim) world, but has provided a traditional foundation for law, civil society, and the state."

The religious character of Islam, Moubarac goes on to say, offers more than a vision: *it offers the lived experience of a genuine unity*. It binds together very different people in one faith. Rich and poor gather for collective prayer on Fridays in the same mosque. (Racially, the mosque in Washington is the most integrated place of worship in the city.)

Yakim Moubarac, a Catholic priest, hopes for a spiritual rapprochement between a renewed Islam and a Christianity strengthened to oppose the world of consumerism and of the exploitation of people and material resources. The reconciling of Muslims and Christians on the basis of justice for the poor could challenge the divided world "in which we are afraid to live." This seems also to have been the dream of John Paul II as he reached out to Islam during his visits to Turkey and Pakistan. It is a great dream.

And it is ironic in the face of it that the man who tried to kill the pope has been quoted as saying, "I shot at the pontiff because I considered him responsible for the Western reaction against Islam and the leader of the crusade that is being waged against my faith." Whether Mehmet Ali Agca is an Islamic fundamentalist fanatic or not is open to question, but there is no doubt that the fundamentalism he invokes is often laced with hatred and does have its dark side. But that does not negate the dream.

Moorhead Kennedy, the State Department economic counselor who was one of the hostages held by Iran, gave a lot of thought during his captivity to how unprepared Americans had been for the revolution in Iran and what the Ayatollah Khomeini was trying to say. "We were victims of a lack of sensitivity to the tremendous force that religion is in Third World countries, particularly in countries like Iran which have been forced into a modernization program for which they are not ready." In consequence Kennedy is leaving the State Department to become director of a peace institution at the Espiscopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, where he and his colleagues will attempt to define the religious dimension of international affairs. The religious revolution within Islam will be one object of his study.

The dark side is only one side of Islam. As one of the pamphlets distributed at the bazaar explains, "Islam calls for a united world under one God. 'We (God) have made you nations and tribes so that you may know one another in friendship.' "

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

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Church/world watch

Hard choices in South Africa

J. Bryan Hehir

IT APPEARS TO BE A cyclical theme in U.S. foreign policy that a new administration sets its course in reaction to its predecessor. This Thermidorean pattern is bipartisan. The Carter administration planned to dispel Kissinger's realpolitik by its emphasis on human rights. The Reagan team is striving on several fronts, from defense-spending to infant formula, to signal friend and foe that a new mood and a new method rule in Washington.

A central topic in this reversal of style and substance is U.S. policy toward southern Africa. The Carter policy gave high priority and visibility to African issues after years of neglect. It also reaped the reward of a peaceful settlement of the Rhodesian civil war. In this effort the British played the major diplomatic role, but an American administration less committed to black self-determination could have undercut the British efforts. The transition from Rhodesia to Zimbabwe constituted a watershed in the politics of southern Africa: many in the U.S. Congress, the research institutes, and the Reagan administration who opposed the Carter policy toward Rhodesia now support its outcome in Zimbabwe. The success in Zimbabwe, however, intensifies attention on the two remaining issues of southern Africa: Namibia and South Africa.

Although it would be premature to say the Reagan administration has a firm policy on southern Africa, it is clear that the future will be designed in reaction to the past. The new theme for U.S.-South Africa relations is cooperation rather than confrontation; the policy of pressure on South Africa (never severe) is judged to be counterproductive. The president has declared South Africa to be a loyal ally, has met in a cordial session with Prime Minister Botha, and sent clear signals that a new day exists for South Africa in Washington. The first consequence of the new look is a shift in the U.S. position on Namibia. After four years of negotiation under United Nations auspices, and with major U.S. support, to establish a formula for Namibian self-determination, the Reagan administration has now called for substantial changes in the negotiating framework. The changes are perceived to place the United States in support of the South African view of the Namibian problem.

Namibia may be the first sign, but the ultimate test of the U.S. view of southern Africa will be its South Africa policy. Zimbabwe was the Africa issue of the seventies; the eighties will not pass without the West being tested on South Africa.

This is the conclusion of a powerful document, *South Africa in the 1980s*, recently published by the Catholic Institute for International Relations in London (1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW 1, 14JL). CIIR's language is hardly that of British understatement: "In the final analysis the South African government is faced with two alternatives, a rapid movement to majority rule under genuine black leaders . . . or an unprecedented level of repression." Faced with this internal prospect in South Africa, "The West can perhaps avoid choosing between South Africa and the rest of the continent in the first years of the 1980s, but the price for procrastination may prove unacceptably high."

These are strong words and stark choices. But they come from an institution with a proven record of analysis during the Rhodesian war. A British historian described CIIR as the most effective English lobby on the Rhodesia question. Its stream of publications was used in the media, referred to in debates in Parliament, consulted in the Foreign Office, and crucial to the formation of a constituency in Britain. At the decisive Lancaster House conference, CIIR acted as a resource center for the Patriotic Front delegation. Many disagree with CIIR, but no serious observers dismiss or disparage its work.

The new position paper deserves careful attention in the United States. The hard choices it poses for those inside and outside South Africa flow from detailed scrutiny of two realities. First, there is an examination of the sources and structure of the apartheid regime. The CIIR study notes those characteristics which are uniquely South African, and those features of the present regime which resemble the "national security states" of Latin America and Asia. The CIIR paper is hardly naive about the repressive capacity of the South African government's "total strategy." In the face of this frightening engine of state power, however, CIIR finds the decisive dimension of the South African drama in another place: "The black nationalism that grows out of the 1970s is now more than ever the main motor for change that will drive the troubled history of South Africa in the next decade."

Other analysts draw a different scenario for the eighties in South Africa. Clearly, no single study catches all the complexity of the moment. But the CIIR paper emphasizes one factor which others may miss: the role of the church. The unique threat to the church is that "spokesmen for the apartheid system and those who support and enforce it frequently appeal directly to Christianity to justify their actions." In the face of this propaganda the church is always a central actor in the South African drama. Its silence can be deafening and its voice can be decisive.

An example of the potential of the church was the May 11th pastoral letter of Archbishop Denis Hurley of Durban. A courageous and persistent critic of apartheid for years, the archbishop an-

(Continued on page 415)

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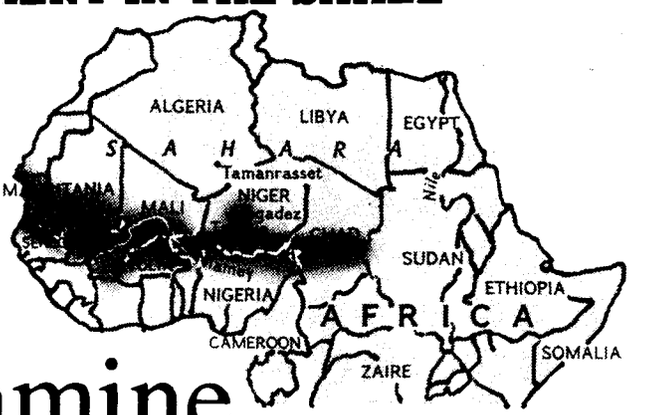
DROUGHT, HUNGER, & DEVELOPMENT IN THE SAHEL



Africa's other famine

RICHARD W. FRANKE
& BARBARA H. CHASIN

THIS YEAR, once again, famine threatens large parts of Africa. In the East, Uganda, Ethiopia, Somalia, and Tanzania have been hit by drought compounded by wars and a massive flow of refugees. Hundreds of thousands of lives may be at stake, but relief aid so far has been below what is considered the minimum necessary by major agencies such as Catholic Relief Services and organizations within the affected areas.

Though less dramatic at the moment, a crisis also looms in the West African Sahel countries, scene of a major drought and famine from 1968-74. The term "Sahel" comes from the Arabic word for "border" and has acquired two meanings. On the one hand, the Sahel is an ecological zone with a rainfall of twelve to twenty-five inches per year. By extension, it has come to mean the countries of Senegal, Mauritania, Mali, Niger, Upper Volta, Chad, the Gambia, and the Cape Verde Islands.

In the past year, severe inadequacies in rainfall have occurred in much of this region. Large parts of Mali did not have rain for much of 1979 and most of 1980. Herders and their animals are forced to undertake arduous journeys for water, and the animals can be taken to drink only once every two or three days. The regions of Gao and Timbuktu in Mali have become near-famine zones for their 850,000 people. Mali has appealed for 123,000 tons of cereals in aid. Overall production in the country is down to 950,000 tons compared with a yearly average of 1,900,000 from 1970-79.

In Senegal, over 100,000 sheep, cattle and goats have died of hunger or disease in recent months and a half a million more are in great danger. The Senegal River, an important source of irrigation for staple crops, was so low in 1980 that only 13 percent of the area normally irrigated could be brought into cultivation, while the main cash crop, peanuts, was down by 50 percent.

Even the long-term outlook for the Sahel is now considered bleak by many experts, despite an ambitious development program there. At a French-African ministerial conference in April of 1980, the French Ministry of Co-operation estimated that by the year 2000, the French-speaking African countries will be able to produce only 60 percent of their food requirements as compared with 80 percent at the present. Half of the countries referred to in the report are in the Sahel.

Memories are still fresh, however, of the overwhelming tragedy which, from 1968 to 1974, brought the Sahel into major media prominence when crops failed, livestock perished, and more than 100,000 people died. Most hard hit were the children, who succumbed to diseases or died from starvation. In Niger, one of the countries hardest hit by the drought, the recorded incidence of measles rose from 2,886 cases in 1971 to 29,999 in 1972 and had reached more than 35,000 in 1973. Because of the late arrival of measles vaccination equipment and serums from overseas donors, many thousands died from this disease throughout the Sahel.

Necessary resources were also lost. Over 40 percent of livestock of Tuareg and Fulani herders are believed to have died, while over vast regions harvests dropped to just 50 percent of their pre-drought levels.

The rains did return in 1974 and 1975, but failed again over large areas in 1977. Further rainfall problems in 1978 led to another 50 percent drop in harvests, and half a million tons of grain were urgently sought by the Food and Agriculture Organization to help the Sahel's people through several harsh months. This drought, if it continues as seems to be occurring, could well set in motion again the migrations of herders from

RICHARD W. FRANKE, *associate professor of anthropology at Montclair State College in New Jersey, has carried out field research in Surinam, Bougainville and Indonesia. Barbara H. Chasin is associate professor of sociology at Montclair State College. In 1974 they began their research on the Sahel drought and famine and in 1976 they joined the World Agricultural Research Project at the Harvard University School of Public Health. In 1978 they spent five months in the Sahel gathering data on current development projects and problems and in 1980 they published* Seeds of Famine: Ecological Destruction and the Development Dilemma in the West African Sahel *(Allanheld, Osmun).*

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their pastures, and the transformation of much of the Sahel into refugee camps where peoples' lives will depend entirely on gifts from overseas. The need for rapid and effective development of the region is recognized by Sahelians and the international community alike.

According to many government officials, journalists, and aid experts, the recent catastrophe and continuing food problems of the Sahel are a result of the weather alone, of overpopulation, or of irrational behavior by animal herders who supposedly built up excessively large stocks of cattle for reasons of "social prestige." The Sahel is highly susceptible to soil erosion and desertification if not carefully and rationally exploited; any misuse of this fragile environment will exacerbate the effects of the periodic droughts which seem to come to the region about every seventy years.

An investigation into the Sahel's previous history, however, suggests that far more complex factors have been at work than those recognized so far by most development experts. A failure to come to grips with these factors may damage the ambitious development program that has been set up since 1973.

PREVIOUS to the sixteenth century, the Sahel was one of the most prosperous parts of Africa. Benefiting from extensive agricultural resources, good pastures, and a strategic location along the transsaharan trade routes, the Sahel became the scene of major African empires such as Ghana, Mali, and Songhay.

These empires were based in part on the surplus production from ecologically sound farming and herding economies. Farmers would grow millet or sorghum as staple grains. Herders would bring their animals and camp on the edges of the farmers' villages, especially during the dry season. Milk from the cattle and goats was exchanged for grains from the farmers' fields. Equally important, however, the cattle grazed the millet or sorghum stubble left on the fields after harvest while depositing their dung as a natural fertilizer for the next year's planting season. Recent investigations have shown that fields manured by cattle have an organic carbon content—a simple rule-of-thumb indicator of soil fertility—two to three times higher than those where cattle were kept out.

In addition to the basic production of food, Sahel empires derived prosperity from the trade of gold and slaves coming from the forest regions of West Africa. These would meet camel caravans loaded with dates, textiles, and salt from North Africa.

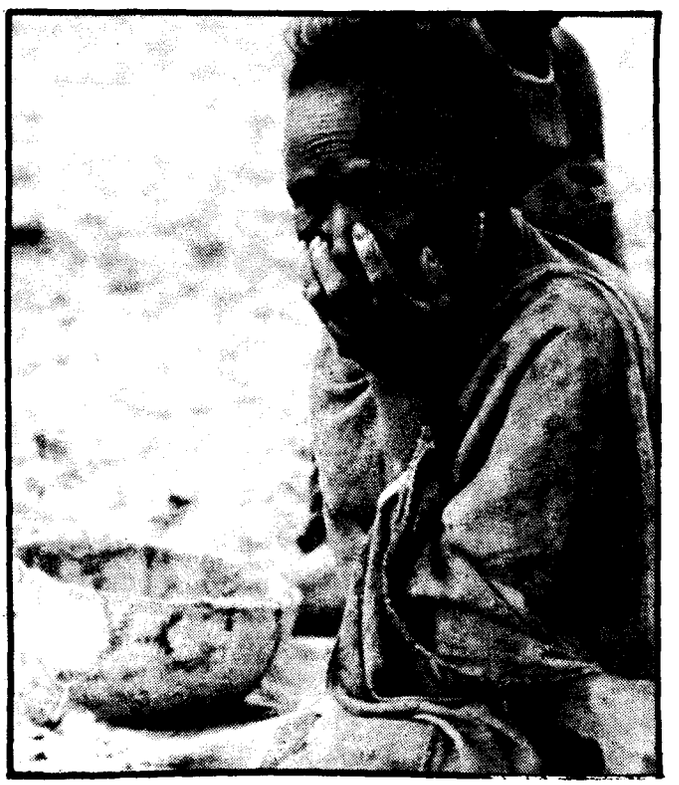
One of the most famous of the Sahel empires was Songhay, which lasted from about 1473 to 1600 A.D. The Arab explorer Ibn Batuta described Gao, one of the principal cities, in 1353, as "one of the finest towns in the Negroland. It is also one of their biggest and best provisioned towns with rice in plenty, milk and fish, and there is a species of cucumber there which has no equal." In 1973, Gao was a major scene of famine and flight of refugees to camps farther to the south.

It was Timbuktu, however, a city closest to the edge of the desert, that became the economic and cultural center of Songhay. One of the many Arab scholars residing in the city in the fifteenth century described it as unequaled "in the security of persons, its consideration and compassion towards foreigners, its courtesy toward students and men of learning, and the financial assistance which it provided for the latter." At the time, Timbuktu had a population of 100,000, a university, and 150 Koranic schools. Today, Timbuktu is a remote town of 15,000 inhabitants where nearly everything is in short supply. The decline of Timbuktu parallels that of the Sahel region as a whole, and was brought on by a multitude of inter-related factors.

DURING THE seventeenth to twentieth centuries, the transsaharan caravan routes, were progressively destroyed by European military expeditions, the slave trade, and the opening of sea routes to the southern coastal areas of West Africa. The decline of the caravans brought on a general impoverishment of nomads and of the urban centers which had thrived on the transsaharan trade.

During this same period, forces were at work to destroy the ecology in the agricultural and pastoral zones as well. Beginning in the nineteenth century, France, the main colonial power in the Sahel, demanded that farmers grow peanuts to provide low-cost food and industrial raw materials for the expanding economy of Marseilles. Peanut cultivation was expanded after both World Wars in the twentieth century and again during the 1950s and 1960s.

Peanut cultivation had numerous detrimental effects on the ecology of the Sahel. Originally introduced from the New World to provision the slave ships, the peanut is ideally suited to the sandy soils and long dry season characteristic of much of the Sahel. When grown as a monocrop, however, as compel-



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led by the French, the peanut became a source of soil exhaustion and desertification in agricultural areas and an indirect cause of pasture degradation in herding regions of the Sahel.

Unlike millet and sorghum stalks, the peanut provides insufficient fodder for cattle. As the peanut spread, traditional exchanges between herders and farmers—the basis of the ecologically sound traditional economy described above—were disrupted. French colonial researchers were put to work developing more drought-resistant varieties of peanuts, while taxation policies forced the farmers to expand into ever more arid zones to get cash to pay the taxes. As peanut-growing spread northwards towards the desert fringe, farms began to encroach on the nomads' grazing lands. Violence erupted, and the nomads were pushed toward the desert.

This was the situation at the time of independence in the 1960s. The new national governments, with funds and advice from foreign development experts, added to the problems by encouraging the expansion of cattle herds with the idea of developing an export beef industry. Vaccination programs and well-digging projects added more animals and more watering sites, but not more pastures. The result was severe overgrazing, especially around the watering sites which often turned into patches of desert.

Other forms of environmental destruction were also brought about by these mistaken policies. Trees—which hold topsoil in place and help in water absorption—were cut down for firewood and animal fodder. Nonetheless, production of animals and of peanuts continued to expand: Mali's cattle population increased from 2,365,000 in 1946 to 4,872,000 in 1969 while peanut production in Senegal went from 45,000 tons exported in 1884 to more than one million tons shipped out in 1965. In the fragile ecology of the Sahel, such increases can best be described not as production, but as *over*-production.

While overproduction was exhausting the soils and bringing on the overuse of pastures, it was also destroying peoples' traditional means for surviving drought. Because people had to grow cash crops, they had smaller cereal reserves stored in their granaries. In past times of rainfall shortage these had been a source of supply.

IN THE WAKE of the 1968-74 Sahel drought and famine, there has been organized one of the most eleborate development programs in modern times. From $827 million proposed in 1973, the Western nations, led by the United States and France, agreed in 1977 at an Ottawa, Canada meeting on a $10 billion program for food self-sufficiency and ecological reconstruction to culminate in what is called "self-sustaining development" by the year 2000. Because of its regional orientation and because of the existence of an "Interstate Committee to Combat Drought in the Sahel," organized by the African nations themselves, many aid experts in the United States have hailed the Sahel Development Program as a ground-breaking venture in development.

Despite the enormous commitment of resources, however, the Sahel Development Program faces serious dilemmas, many of which are holdovers from the recent colonial past and which seem to be poorly understood by current development planners.

One major dilemma is created by the tension between export crops and local consumption needs. While attempts to revive peanut production have met with resistance from farmers in many regions, other food products are continuing to be shipped out. Fish, for example, provide as much protein per person in the Sahel as do cattle, sheep, goats, and pigs combined, even though 60 percent of the fish catch is exported. An increase in local consumption of fish would result in major improvements in the health of Sahelians, but the development program document agreed upon in the 1977 Ottawa meetings calls for fish to be used to gain foreign currency to help finance the program.

Another dilemma concerns the important relationship between farmers and herders. Instead of reviving this relationship with its ecologically sound set of interchanges between animals, crops, soil, and humans, most development projects in the Sahel seem designed to further pit the two groups against each other. French researchers in Niger found that a World Bank irrigation project was flooding lands that herders needed for dry season pastures. Bank officials seem enthusiastic about getting water onto fields where rice could be produced, but if herders are driven from the pastures, they will be forced once again to move towards the desert fringe, where overgrazing would then threaten to turn fragile grasslands into the advancing Sahara Desert. The loss of the animals will also make the farmers dependent on commercial fertilizers which most will not be able to afford.

A third major dilemma facing Sahel development is the misallocation of labor—a direct effect of French colonial policies. During the colonial period thousands of Sahelians were forced to migrate to plantation and urban work-sites in the coastal and rain forest areas of West Africa. In 1978, a team of Dutch soil experts discovered in a region of Mali that simple hoeing of degraded pastures could revive the *schoenfeldia* grass cover within two rainy seasons. By chopping the soil so that rain water can soak in rather than run off the overtrampled and hardened earth, seeds long held dormant and dry were found capable of sprouting. A test plot of only one-hundred square meters, however, required sixty-four hours of hoeing. For the many thousands of hectares in need of recovery, the work force in the region is hopelessly inadequate, yet thousands of people from this very region eke out a living in other parts of West Africa where they went as migrants. The land is thus left undeveloped despite scientific discoveries of great potential.

A final major dilemma facing Sahel development derives from the often competing interests between local elites and local producers. While Sahelian societies were traditionally stratified, colonial policies left a legacy of national bureaucracies which are the centers of wealth and power. The interests of these elites in accumulating riches from the development program threaten to steer several major development projects off the course of environmental rehabilitation.

Along the upper reaches of the Senegal River is a dramatic

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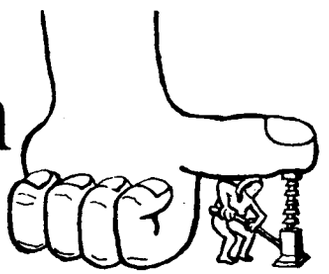
case of the effects of competing interest groups. Here a $3.5 million U.S.-sponsored irrigation project has become a battleground between Senegalese government bureaucrats and the local Federation of Soninke Peasants. The officials are part of a government corporation which is intended to utilize the irrigation technology to produce rice for the urban market in Dakar, the capital city of 750,000 in a country with 5½ million people. The Federation has chosen to plant millet, a crop with a higher market value locally and the mainstay of the villagers' diets. U.S. development funds are channeled through the Senegalese bureaucracy, thus they become resources to be used in the government's attempt to break up the Federation. Ironically, it is the local initiative of the Federation, which started its own development project in the region three years before the outside experts became involved, which provides the justification among these very experts for their enthusiastic endorsement of the project in congressional hearings and in the USAID regional office in Dakar.

Sound development policies for the Sahel require a thorough rethinking of past failures in attempting to organize an ecologically rational exploitation of the region's resources. This calls for a creative break with the policies of the most recent past, but Sahelian farmers and herders continue to find themselves in competition with international businesses, foreign government interests, and local merchants, landowners, and bureaucrats, many of whom are placing their own enrichment above the needs for environmental reconstruction and preservation. Without major alterations, the latest development program could well lead to a revival of rather than an overcoming of famine vulnerability in the Sahel. This would be a human tragedy of terrible dimensions. It should not be allowed to happen.

LOOKING BACK ON THE MEETING

How the females put an end to male oppression



JOHN C. CORT

"What I find oppressive is the fact that a faction of this family is doing the bulk of the domestic work and a few individuals have removed themselves completely from this domestic work, which has to be done daily."
—Mary Liz Cort

IT HAS SOMETIMES been said that the patriarchal structure of the family has a crippling effect on the development of democratic structures at other levels of life. This is a big subject and is not going to be exhausted in this article, but it might be interesting to relate how one family tried an experiment in democratic process and what came of it. The year was 1973.

Looking back on The Meeting, my unaided recollection was that the females simply outvoted the males. After all, they outnumbered us 2-to-1. But my recollection was wrong. Becky, Lydia and Susan were absent, and Julia was too young to care. All the males were present, so actually the count was even, four against four.

Unknown to most of us, Mary Liz taped the meeting—at least the first forty-five minutes or so.

JOHN C. CORT, *the editor of* Religious Socialism, *a quarterly newsletter of the Religion and Socialism Committee of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, has worked for labor groups and anti-poverty agencies for most of his life and has just completed work on an autobiography.*

DAD: What do we want to put on the agenda? One, method of voting—

PAUL: No, no, no, no, no, no. We're not going to have any votes. This is a consensus gathering. In matters of importance we want to achieve consensus. If you have a voting system, people are not going to be willing to negotiate or compromise, figuring they can win by voting.

MARY LIZ: Paul's running scared already.

DAD: Let's try consensus first.

BARBARA: I object. What if it doesn't work? I prefer voting.

A consensus developed that consensus should be tried first, but a wrangle followed immediately on setting the agenda.

MARY LIZ: I'd like to suggest a system of recognizing the speaker. Three people are talking at once.

DAD: Yes, I think that's necessary. This is a very aggressive group.

BARBARA: Who's recognizing?

DAD: I'm recognizing. I'm the chairman.

PAUL: Who voted you the chairman?

DAD: Well, do we have a consensus that I'm the chairman?

CHORUS: NO!

ALICE: (Radcliffe freshman home for the weekend): I think I'm the least involved and I would like . . . uh . . .

BARBARA: Yes, I think it's a very good idea. I vote for Alice for chairman.

PAUL: I vote for Alice.

DAD: Do we have a consensus that Alice should be chairman?

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We did. Alice assumed the chair. It was further agreed that people need not raise their hands to be recognized, but that there would be "a free exchange unless it comes to a donnybrook," in which case Alice would intervene. Alice had to intervene a few times. Part of the problem was that nobody thought to remove the parakeets, who tended to get very stimulated when there was lively conversation, and between the people and the parakeets interrupting each other it was difficult to keep the discussion on an even keel.

The most interesting part of the tape revolved around the following:

BARBARA: I want to throw something out for consideration on a basic statement of goals and policies of the family. We should subscribe to the idea that (a) it is good to support the family financially as long as you're living here, *and* (b) it's good to help with household work as long as you're living here.

Four of the older kids—Barbara, Nick, Paul and Mary Liz—were all working and living at home. Most of them were contributing money to the family exchequer, but virtually all of the household work (cooking meals, washing dishes, laundry, cleaning) was being done by the females, and most of that by my wife Helen, who at that point was also working at an outside job halftime.

NICK: I suggest that we substitute the words "and/or" for the word "and" between (a) and (b).

BARBARA and MARY LIZ (simultaneously): No.

BARBARA: The word "and" is very important.

PAUL: Why is it important?

BARBARA: I find it extremely oppressive to live in any situation where I feel dominated by either money or work, where I'm either paying all the money or doing all the work and somebody else is paying all the money.

PAUL: So who is paying all the money or doing all the work?

MARY LIZ: What I find oppressive is the fact that a faction of this family—

PAUL: "Oppressive" now. That's the word you used.

MARY LIZ: Shut up. Exactly, exactly. A faction of this family is doing the bulk of the work—

PAUL: As you see it.

MARY LIZ: As I see it. And a few individuals have removed themselves completely from this domestic work, which has to be done daily.

PAUL: (unaware meeting is being taped): I just want to be sure those words appear in the record.

MARY LIZ: They will. (Laughter from those in the know.)

PAUL: What you said is obviously not true. I assume you're speaking of the boys. They clean their rooms, for one thing.

MARY LIZ: I'm talking about the daily upkeep of this house.

BARBARA: It's good to contribute both financially *and* in terms of work. It's a very healthy way to relate in a household. If people feel oppressed by having to pay a lot or do a lot of work, then that's very bad.

PAUL: But if some people want to pay instead of work, what's wrong with that? Where is the injustice? We're talking about injustice, not about ideal family life.

BARBARA: We're talking about the ideal family life *as well as* injustice . . .

MARY LIZ (addressing Paul): You're talking about a situation that doesn't apply here. You're not going to find people who are willing to share the entire workload of this house, and to discuss that is ridiculous.

PAUL: You haven't established that. The point is that you can attach a monetary value to the work that is done—

MARY LIZ: It would be very hard to place a value or price on the work that is being done in this family.

ALICE: I think that's what you're arguing more about—the price.

There followed a rundown of each working person's take-home pay. It didn't actually get into each one's financial contribution to the family. Nevertheless:

MOTHER: Papa's financial contribution being so overwhelmingly large at this point sort of backs up his reluctance to take on—

BARBARA: Only if you have that horrible attitude that your whole life is experienced in terms of building up your earning power, and this completely relieves you of any responsibility in your personal relationships at home. I reject that.

MOTHER: I sort of reject it too, but in Daddy's case—considering the extreme pressure in his job and the number of evening meetings, the long hours, plus the health problem—

MARY LIZ: I agree with Mother.

BARBARA: I disagree.

MOTHER: I don't think he should be forced to take on a daily job like cooking or dishes.

BARBARA: I didn't say that. All I said was that I think Daddy should subscribe to the ideal that for a pleasant home relationship it is important to have people *committed* to helping at home however they can.

PAUL: But he does help in many ways.

NICK: He's helping all he can. Right now. [Note how the males stick together.]

DAD: I'm willing to agree that maybe I could do a little more about dishes and things like that. [He thought he was going to get off that easy, the poor *shnook*.]

MARY LIZ (smelling victory): Okay, we've agreed about that. Let's get down to some real distribution of jobs.

But Paul was able to put off the awful hour for a while yet. The meeting got sidetracked in a long discussion of the family budget and economizing (PAUL: This family is spending too much on food. NICK: I'm losing weight) and how much electricity TVs use up and Mary Liz's suggestion that all food eaten between meals be contributed by people out of their own pockets (BARBARA: I don't like it—it makes everybody uptight and individualistic) and whether David, a high school senior who was very quiet all afternoon, rated an allowance of $5 a week.

Eventually, long after the tape ran out and partly as the result of exhaustion but mostly, I think, as the result of the triumph of reason over self-interest, and justice over the inertia of history, it was agreed by consensus that there would be a more equitable distribution of household work. A few months later, when

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Helen went fulltime and I left my work at Model Cities and started writing, it was further agreed that everybody, including the oldest and the youngest (excepting only Doc, the grandfather) would take turns cooking dinner, cleaning up after dinner, and doing the daily laundry, plus an equitable split of the remaining maintenance chores. The result was that I cooked my first family dinner in over twenty-six years of married life and have been turning them out ever since, more or less edible. Ditto for washing dishes and doing laundry, also more or less passable. And some of the boys discovered that they were pretty good gourmet cooks.

The significance of The Meeting. It was the first time in our family that we had really faced up to the fact that the conditions of modern life have profoundly altered the relationship between men and women living together in the same household.

I was one of five boys and I don't remember ever seeing my father do a thing inside the house other than fix or paint something. There were no sisters, so the boys had to share the housework and largely, I think, as a result of Father's example, we hated and resented it as a symbol of our lack of manhood.

I can remember few more depressing times of my entire life than the moments I spent, aged about ten, slumped in a kitchen chair, crippled with self-pity, staring at a table and sink piled high with dirty dishes, bowls, platters, glasses, forks, knives, spoons, pots, pans and garbage, the greasy remnants of some Thanksgiving or Christmas feast, while the sound of distant laughter floated in from the living room, where the rest of the family and guests had repaired for conversation, music, fun, and games.

And eight years ago, aged fifty-nine, I found myself at the sink again and I thought to myself, "What the hell is happening? Here I am back to Square One. I've lost nearly fifty years of hard-earned ground. It ain't right."

But it was right. And I knew it. And learned to accept it and live with it, and manage not to get stuck with it on feast days.

SCHILLEBEECKX ON MINISTRY

Herald of a new reformation?

RALPH A. KEIFER

DESPITE (or is it because of?) my position as member of a theological faculty, I am inclined to be skeptical about the import of theological writings. Often enough, they tend to have limited appeal and limited impact. This is not apt to be the case with Edward Schillebeeckx's new book, *Ministry* [Crossroad, $12.95, 165 pp.].

There is every reason to expect that *Ministry* will have an impact far beyond its readers. As with his books *Jesus* and *Christ*, it will doubtless call forth a Roman investigation. It is not likely to end with exoneration. Still, this is not why I see this book as having unusual importance.

After the Küng case, a Roman condemnation is not going to be such a *cause célèbre*. Schillebeeckx has neither the media personality nor the breezy writing style which helped to make Küng an unusually popular theologian. No, though the issue (the future of ministry) is of some popular appeal, the real import of the book lies in the implications of what Schillebeeckx is saying, combined with its coinciding with a profound crisis of authority and worship in the church.

The first half of *Ministry* is a careful historical and theological study of priesthood in the Catholic tradition, ending with the conclusion that the tradition manifests significant discontinuities. Most notably, the locating of the essence of priesthood in a special personal power to consecrate the Eucharist is a very late development in the tradition, and rests on presuppositions contrary to the understandings of priesthood which prevailed during the first thousand years of the church's history. This means that the official interpretation of the meaning of priesthood since Trent can have no permanent binding force. Priesthood can be relocated within the local community, and with it, there is the practical possibility not only of female and married priests, but also of the full recognition of the ministries of other Christian churches. Most important, Schillebeeckx's work legitimates the possibility of "loyal opposition"—experimental local communities legitimately ordaining their own priests as they need them, without benefit of bishop.

The second half of the book is a reflection on the present situation, including exploration of the issues which must be taken into account if local communities are to go ahead and select their own eucharistic presidents.

In many ways, the book represents an expansion and refinement of an earlier article, "The Christian Community and its Office-Bearers," which appeared last year in the Concilium series in a volume titled *The Right of the Community to a Priest*. Neither the issues Schillebeeckx raises nor the data he presents are unknown to theologians or to a wider community

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concerned about the future of ministry. As a work of theology, it simply reflects the growing attunement of better theology to new grassroots concerns—and its widening divergence from official positions. The real significance is the book's function as a herald of reformation.

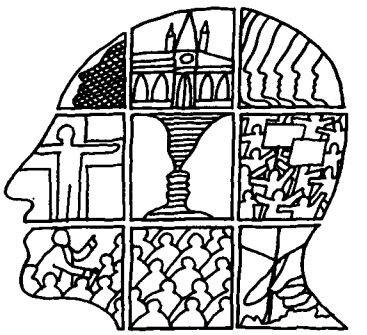
For the signs of the times do point to the possibility of a new reformation. I use the term in its normal sense—a renewal of church life including significant structural change and doctrinal revision. Neither theological revision nor movements for renewal necessarily end in reformation (nor does reformation necessarily end in schism): reformation can only come out of a special set of circmustances. Increasingly, those circumstances are present in contemporary Catholicism.

Catholic Christianity operates with a symbiosis of authority, liturgy, and doctrine, functioning at such a deep and unreflective level that the symbiosis is normally not readily noticed. Catholicism is sacramental and liturgical, with its authority centered in office-bearers, enacting its deepest spiritual and religious values liturgically. Doctrine is employed less as an abstract standard than as a plausible account of that structure of office and sacrament. The possibility of reformation arises when that symbiosis of sacrament, office, spirituality, and doctrine breaks down.

Roman Catholicism has a high level of tolerance for inadequate liturgy, inept leadership, and implausible doctrine, as long as these items do not appear together as conspiring to defeat the deepest spiritual perceptions and aspirations of an age. Catholicism is even capable of creaking along with all three dimensions of its structure badly out of tune, as long as the conditions are not right for viable alternatives. At the end of the Middle Ages, the Catholic church limped along for a century and a half with a decadent and irrelevant liturgy, a thoroughgoing crisis of authority, and a severe decline of theology. But reformation was not possible until there were both reformers to follow and princes to protect them from the church's power to persecute.

REFORMATION, then, requires a simultaneous crisis of liturgy, authority, spirituality, and doctrine as its preconditions. It also requires the emergence of the practical (and intellectually defensible) alternatives to the existing ecclesiastical structures. This, I suggest, is precisely what is now upon us. There has been a significant shift in Catholic religious perception and spirituality, encouraged in some ways by the Second Vatican Council, but not by any means dependent upon that event. Growing tensions in the church reflect the impact of that change in the Catholic heart.

For rising numbers, faith has been redefined as having to do with gospel rather than as having to do with religion. That is, the life of faith is seen as having to do with finding and living out of a cooperative zone of freedom, wholeness, hope, and meaning—rather than a matter of believing a set of doctrines, adhering to a special moral code, or practicing a particular set of devotions. The purpose of the church is not seen primarily as providing right doctrine, clear moral guidelines, or a special form of ceremony. Rather, it is seen to be (or it is hoped it will



become) the servant of that life of cooperation, freedom, wholeness, hope, and meaning.

This change of definition of what the life of faith is about is more or less clearly perceived, and more or less aggressively articulated, depending upon individuals and their circumstances. That redefinition of faith arises in a variety of contexts—for some it was born in the liturgical movement or the Christian Family Movement of the fifties; for others, in the struggles for civil rights and peace of the following decade; for yet others, in charismatic renewal. One finds it occurring in ordinary parish life and beyond the bounds of anything describable as organized religion. It happens in the inner city and in the affluent suburbs, among students and among blue-collar workers. Where it moves from mere hope into a movement, there has normally been testing. Often enough, this new perception is identified with the cause which was its catalyst; every cause has its spirit baptism. But often enough, too, when devotees of a cause are disillusioned, the hope they found in the cause matures and lives on stronger in new contexts. With that maturity comes a widening of perspective and a deepening of commitment. Those who first found their hopes in a more "secular" context find that hope demanding expression in prayer, reflection, and sacramental celebration, as those who often began by being "saved" religiously find piety maturing into concerns about peace and justice, art, and politics.

This perception frequently finds itself in conflict with religion as conventionally and traditionally defined, especially church structures. To put it at its simplest, there is a profound and enduring crisis of church authority simply because those who offer the best leadership in either prayer or politics are often not only not clergy, but are all too frequently excluded from their ranks. There is, in other words, a perceived and growing conflict between the structures of the church and what is understood as the heart of the gospel for our time—a crisis of authority and spirituality by definition.

It is this crisis which accounts for the current Catholic obsession with sexuality—most notably, birth control, the celibacy of the clergy, and the ordination of women. The issues are not at all unrelated. In fact, they are intelligible against the background of the rediscovery of faith as gospel rather than religion. For a basic intuition of faith as having to do with gospel is that God is not to be found in some other world, but in this one. The presence of God is not that of an alien being from elsewhere, but of a presence deep within the world, and especially within the human world. To suppress or

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deny something of the fullness of being human is therefore to suppress or deny something of the divine. Thus the official attack on what is experienced as normal married sexuality constitutes an attack on people's deepest spiritual perceptions, perhaps all the more painful, damaging,and confusing because this perception normally lies at an intuitive and unreflective level.

A MALE AND CELIBATE priesthood was acceptable, perhaps even desirable, as long as God could be perceived fundamentally as an intruder into the world. The priest's function could then be conceived as making present an absent God, and that mediatorial role could only be enhanced by stressing the priest's otherness from the congregation. As such a conception of God becomes more and more implausible,[1] so, too does such a conception of priesthood—and with it, the arguments as well as the liturgy which support such a conception. For in the face of the new spirituality, the exclusion of women and the married from priesthood escalates the crisis of authority into a liturgical crisis.

We are all subliminally aware that the present liturgy lacks power. It is all too rarely a source of real nourishment for people's life in the world, as it is rarely experienced as fully celebrating that life. Only the brighter and tamer emotions are admitted. My colleagues often locate this liturgical blandness in a bland use of symbol—the failure to use real bread, robust gesture, generous art. But the failure of ceremonial symbols is rooted in a deeper failure of symbol. The primary liturgical symbols are not the liturgical artifacts and gestures, but its *agents*, especially its ministers and above all its priests.

The notion that the priest "represents Christ" is not simply sound theology. It is also sound ritual anthropology. To the extent that the priest embodies (if only potentially) the values, hopes, and aspirations of a community, to that extent is he a "good celebrant," and to that extent is there the possibility of a liturgy with dynamic power.

We are well aware that the present liturgy sounds an uncertain trumpet over issues of both power (politics, social structures, public issues, social concerns) and death (suffering, evil in the world, failure, helplessness). This has everything to do with sexuality. The liturgical segregation of ordinary sexuality from the central liturgical ministry suggests strongly that matters of power and death have no relation to the sacred, either. It is an implicit and practical denial of what theology calls the paschal mystery.

The tension is heightened by the dichotomy between primary liturgical ministry and liturgical style. With the reforms of rite, the prevailing liturgical style is invitational. Where the old Mass cultivated a sense of the separation between God and the world, the new rite speaks of inclusion, both in word and gesture. Where the host was once elevated to be adored, we are invited to "take and eat." And where we once began with a plea for mercy, we are greeted with an acknowledgment of the Lord's presence in our midst. This tension between an inclusive liturgical style and an exclusive ministry is doubtless at the heart of liturgical dissatisfaction on all sides.

People with an otherwise contemporary spirituality can mourn the passing of the Latin Mass, and rightly. It at least presented a coherent statement, and if it was not a statement of contemporary spirituality, it could at least be honored and appreciated as a hallowed inheritance from the past. It was at least honestly archaic. The present rite, however, regularly inflicts an especially damaging sort of violence: it has become impossible to make an honest liturgical statement.

In the present situation, a book legitimating change in the ministerial structure leaves only one question—not whether reformation will come, but when. Much of it depends upon the impetus of the new spirituality, strong in some places, only beginning to be apparent in others. It may take many critical turns before a critical mass is achieved. Certainly when reformation does come it will not be like the last one. No longer are the civil authorities at the beck and call of either would-be reformers or alarmed hierarchs. Perhaps at last the issues of God's people can be settled in God's own house. At last the time may be ripe for the noble, if difficult and painful, experiment of reformation without schism.

[1] The conception of God present deep within the world pervades the Constitution on the Church in the Modern World, and is basic to the commonly used Eucharistic Prayer III. It is a thematic in the most serious religious literature of our time.

Screen

SEASONAL SLUMPS

WINTERS OF OUR DISCONTENT

ALAN ALDA'S *The Four Seasons* is a film I've reviewed before, often. It's yet another example of the ubiquitous, pernicious influence of TV on movies. This one is so televisionized, it comes right from the package as a four-part mini-series. It's four installments of a sit-com, a half hour each (actually, a little less than that, to leave time for the commercials). The four seasons are a spring, summer, fall and winter weekend on which some couples go away together. "The Four Seasons" is also some music by Vivaldi. Classical music of this sort is used as theme music with contemporary schlock comedies like this one to give them a little dignity, a little immortality. The music implies that what we're seeing is a play for *all* seasons, an illustration of problems that have always existed and always will. I don't think that's true, though. As a story *The Four Seasons* is peculiarly modern—weightless, centerless, directionless: a real piece of space-age technology—and the nonsensical human relationships the film depicts are equally limited in their scope.

Sure, there have always been episodic stories. *The Odyssey* and the Bible started a kind of fad for them. But *The Four Seasons* is something else; it's listless. It does have its odd

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moments. One comes during the fall weekend in New England when Jack Burroughs (Alda) confronts Nick Callan (Len Cariou) about Nick's cheating on his wife (Sandy Dennis). Nick assures Jack that his mistresses "weren't just hat-check girls. They were all the top women in their field . . . Margaret Thatcher . . . Indira Gandhi." Then there is the moment on the summer cruise when the dentist, Danny Zimmer (Jack Weston), comes topside one morning, and we can see in his face the point at which he spots Nick and his girlfriend (Bess Armstrong) swimming nude. So, OK. Alda's script and direction do have moments when they seem to come to life — a funny line here, a bit of cute mugging there. But these are only erratic blips on the otherwise flat brain wave of this movie.

Another of those moments when the film seems to rally briefly comes as Jack's wife Kate (Carol Burnett) is about to get into a car amid a lot of tense feelings that have built up over the winter ski weekend. Suddenly her eyes re-appear above the roof line of the car and she asks, "Is this the fun part? Are we having fun yet?" It's a question I had just been asking myself. Kate and Jack and Danny and Nick and the others are very much the sort of people who are never sure how they feel. They're never sure that they're getting the satisfaction out of life which money, good food, leisure, and success ought to be bringing them. They're always worried about this.

At one point during the first season, Jack wants to do something to make everybody's weekend in the country memorable. It's been a perfect weekend—the cooking, the wine, the talk, the companionship, all perfect. Yet there is this nagging sense that something more is needed or no one will even be able to remember the experience. Jack's solution is to jump out of a rowboat with all his clothes on. Even that doesn't make a difference, though. In this movie, and therefore in these people's lives, there's an inescapable sameness to everything that happens. At the end of the last season, Danny falls through the ice on the pond near their ski lodge—with all his clothes on, of course. We're back where we started. Nothing has been resolved. None of the relationships has either advanced or deteriorated. These people have just been all wet from the beginning.

No, wait. One relationship has deteriorated, the one between them and me. In the ski lodge the night before Danny's mishap, Kate complains to Jack about how they've lost touch with a lot of friends over the years just because they had gotten to know them so well it became embarrassing to see them. She's criticizing herself and Jack for not having had the fortitude to go on with those relationships, but that's exactly how I felt about my relationship with them after only a couple of hours. I didn't want to know these crabby, frustrated people this well. Just before or after Kate's speech, it's Jack's turn. He delivers a tirade they have all been trying to goad him into. He shouts and stomps around on the ankle he injured skiing, and he throws into the fireplace an enormous moosehead he's ripped off the wall. Bully for him. This behavior is supposed to be his big break-through, and it's certainly the closest we're ever going to get to a *dénouement* in this movie. But I still didn't want to have to watch it. Please, spare me. I've had all this share-your-feelings crap I can take.

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A movie I actually did walk out of before the end is John Waters's *Polyester*. It and *Caveman* are the most puerile movies I've seen in a long while. Waters's reputation is based primarily on the success of his 1972 *Pink Flamingos*, a film that was made for $12,000 and earned a small fortune playing the midnight show on Fridays and Saturdays. These separate-admission screenings are patronized exclusively by teeny-boppers. Smoke a little dope, play a little kissy-face, watch a movie so familiar that you don't really have to watch it at all to know what's in it. In this market where a movie's whole purpose is to be a mindless ritual, a Waters film has a special advantage. It seems familiar to teenagers even before they've seen it. Seldom has a film pandered to teenage disgruntlement with parents more than *Polyester* does. The film is a travesty of a cliché.

Waters's typical suburban family includes a porno-king father (David Samson), a sex-crazed daughter (Mary Garlington), a drug-crazed son (Ken King), and an obese, hysterical mother played by Waters's transvestite star, Divine. (Tab Hunter is also in the cast in the role of a gigolo—a slight change of image with which he is trying to launch a comeback. His interpretation of the role consists primarily of scratching his crotch.) However primitive Waters's characters may be, though, they are not as dumbfounded as those in *Caveman*. It's hard not to see Ringo Starr's part in *Caveman* as autobiographical. The vocabulary of all the characters in the film put together consists of only thirteen words, which was one of the things about Rudy De Luca and Carl Gottlieb's script that appealed to Starr. "There wasn't a whole lot of dialogue to be memorized," he explained in a recent interview where he tried not to let his own vocabulary exceed the movie's.

Starr's relationship with co-star Barbara Bach makes the movie seem irresistibly relevant to real life. Around the time the film finished shooting, Starr announced that he and the former *Playboy* centerfold were getting married. This scenario conforms pretty closely to the one in the film. There Starr plays Atouk, a pint-sized caveman who makes up in sensitivity and brains what he lacks in brawn. Since he spends his spare time daubing pigment on cave walls and inventing the wheel, we surmise that he is the Leonardo Da Vinci of his day. This could easily be the self-image of a former Beatle, especially if he had been twit enough to believe the stuff that was written about the group back in the sixties. And what does Atouk use his superior intellect for? What is it that a genius like him wants out of life? Tits and ass. He spends almost the whole movie chasing after Miss Bach. Only to people brought up on *The Flintstones* could this movie be funny.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

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Art

IMAGES OF LABOR
DECIPHERING SOCIAL DISORDER

TWO YEARS AGO, through its Bread and Roses cultural program, District 1199, the National Union of Hospital and Health Care Employees, produced one of the most important art exhibits of the seventies, *The Working American*. The show brought together two centuries of paintings on work in America and by its sheer scope dramatized how reluctant we have been in this country to acknowledge the relationship between art and labor. *The Working American* did not, however, content itself with self-righteous generalizations. It went on to address a series of political contradictions that American painting makes evident: in particular, between our vision of equality and the reality of class, between commitment to progress and our history of labor warfare, between our rural ideals and our exploitation of immigrant labor.

For 1199 and the museums which showed *The Working American* in its nation-wide tour, the exhibit was a breakthrough; and now 1199 has come up with an innovative successor: *Images of Labor*, a show of thirty-two newly-commissioned paintings, each based on a quotation about working life in America. Organized by Nina Felshin and Abigail Gerdts, *Images of Labor* opened in April at 1199 headquarters in New York and is just now embarking on a nation-wide tour under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service.

Frances Perkins, painting by Alice Neel

For 1199, which in recent years has sponsored everything from photographic exhibits to a hospital musical review, *Images of Labor* is another coup. The great pitfall of such a show—a literalism that might have turned it into mere illustration—has not occurred. Although the art of *Images of Labor* is predominantly figurative, it ranges from the feminist iconography of Judy Chicago's abstract of the Triangle Waist factory fire, to the expressionism of a Jacob Lawrence urbanscape, to the surreal portraiture of Brad Holland's depiction of Martin Luther King Jr.'s analysis of "the labor hater and the labor baiter." What the scope of *Images of Labor* amounts to in practice becomes even clearer when we look at the show thematically and see the way it focuses on three subjects vital to labor and extraordinarily difficult to treat without lapsing into cliché.

Confrontation: Here the most compelling picture in *Images of Labor* is Sue Coe's rendering of the 1936 Akron rubber-workers' sit-down strike. Given the subject, Coe might well have done a perfect thirties' picture from the point of view of the eighties, but instead she offers something much subtler, a picture that goes beyond the built-in drama of labor violence to capture the inner life of the sit-down strike. For Coe, who once worked in a factory, it is a worker's perspective that controls the structure of her painting, and what she captures is the sense of selfhood that comes when the rubber workers she portrays realize they have the power to stop the machines they tend. In Coe's picture the rubber-factory bosses are diminutive figures in a glass office in the upper left-hand corner of her painting. By contrast, her central figure, a muscular black worker in overalls and a T-shirt fills the middle of her painting. He is bigger than any of the machines around him, and as he stands with his arms folded, what is revealed is how self-contained he has become. There is no minimzinmg the confrontation about to take place—indeed, the word STRIKE is slashed in red across the bottom of Coe's painting—but what we focus on is the worker's view of himself, the psychological changes that have enlarged him and promise to be permanent as long he retains the perspective the strike has given him.

Collectivity: On this subject it is Ralph Fasanella's portrayal of a working-class neighborhood in New York City that breaks through stereotypes most successfully. In his depiction of New York street life, Fasanella makes no bones about how crowded and cramped it is. From the graffiti-splattered subway cars that arch over his cityscape to the apartment interiors that dominate his middle ground, we see a primitive artist's rendering of a world in which space and privacy are at a minimum. But at the same time we also see a world in which closeness does not crush individuality. The working-class dreariness of a painting such as Philip Evergood's *Through the Mill* is totally missing in Fasanella's street scene. It is variety, not repetition, that

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THE ITINERARY for District 1199's *Images of Labor* exhibit has not been completed, but so far the following locations and dates are established: During the rest of this year, *Images of Labor* will be at the National Museum of American History, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. (July 16-Aug. 20) and at the Monongalia Arts Center, Morgantown, West Virginia (Sept. 5-Oct. 4).

In 1982, the exhibit will travel to the Contemporary Arts Center, Cincinnati, Ohio (Jan. 30-Feb. 28); the Robert I. Kahn Gallery, Houston, Texas (March 20-April 18); the Arkansas Arts Center, Little Rock, Arkansas (May 8-June 6); the Art Center, College of Design, Pasadena, California (June 26-July 25); the Blanden Memorial Art Gallery, Fort Dodge, Iowa (Aug. 14-Sept. 12); and the Arnot Art Museum, Elmira, New York (Oct. 2-31.)

characterizes his urban vision, and what follows is a view of working-class life in which proximity creates an aesthetic of its own. People may be crowded on people, possessions may compete for attention like cans in a supermarket, but in Fasanella's brightly colored world, the result is a sharing of space in which equity and uniqueness are aesthetically and, by extension, politically in harmony.

Reform: Even for the WPA artists of the New Deal, this was a subject that it was almost impossible to personify; and in the 1960s any artist taking on such a subject would have run the risk of being thought the worst kind of "liberal." But in *Images of Labor* Alice Neel takes on this subject directly with her portrait of Frances Perkins, Franklin Roosevelt's secretary of labor. The quotation on which Neel's portrait is based comes from Perkins's description of brutal factory conditions, but what is significant is that Neel does not offer us a proletarian or saintly version of Frances Perkins. Her Perkins, who wears a hat and string of pearls, is every inch the proper reformer, and what we are made to see is that for Perkins, whose huge dark eyes and slightly puffy, downcast face reflect the suffering she describes, propriety is a weapon. She knows that in the world she must operate in sympathy is not enough, and so she insists on holding on to a tension that for all its terribleness allows her to change the lives of working people.

What will the final impact of *Images of Labor* be? In a period when figurative and narrative painting is making a comeback, it is tempting to argue that the show promises a return to a time when artists felt easy about work that embodied their political loyalties. The truth of the matter is, however, that *Images of Labor* is moving as much against the aesthetic as against the political grain of the eighties. It does not, like the figurative and narrative painting that is so much a part of the current New York art scene, draw its strength from the breakdown of meaning. Just the opposite. It rests on the belief that the social disorder around us can be deciphered—and, beyond that, resisted.

NICOLAUS MILLS

PHILIP ROTH RETURNING TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME

The exactions of art

SAUL MALOFF

PHILIP ROTH introduces some new material, or variations on familiar material, in the latest volume of what looks in a fair way of becoming a serial dynastic novel—a family saga, a continuing bildungsroman or sentimental education carried far past the conventional limits of the mode (the rites of passage into manhood and the ways of the world) and into the mid-journey crises of Nathan Zuckerman, the writer-protagonist of *Zuckerman Unbound** (some Prometheus, this one) and its predecessor *The Ghost Writer*.

The young writer of the earlier novel, feverish with his first success, deeply troubled by its consequences, and come to learn the whole unvarnished truth about Art and Life from the old master E. Lonoff (he learns that Art is always bitterly hard-won and that Life, at best a mixed blessing, is neither here nor there), is longer so young that he shouldn't have known better. After the first book, stories that provoked a volcanic family crisis and boiling agitation in Newark's Jewish community, Nathan had gone dutifully on to a second book and a third and then—now—to his fourth, a novel called *Carnovsky*, regarding which it is demanded of us that we think *Portnoy*, just as previously we were urged to think of his debut as *Goodby, Columbus* and the deadly stories included with it. With *Carnovsky*, the work by which Nathan hoped to unbind the shackles of his past, to squeeze the serf out of himself drop by drop, as his adored Chekhov said of himself, and attain his own absolute liberation—with *Carnovsky* the heavens fall in.

Everything happens to Nathan: overnight celebrity, tons of money, a night in the bed of a beautiful actress—and that's it, one night, before she resumes her regular arrangement with Fidel Castro, the same. (Not only is she beautiful and talented—she reads Kierkegaard! What more could Zuckerman ever ask of life?) Fame and fortune and the love of women—the rewards of art; but for Nathan, only trouble and grief. He makes, as he says, a fiasco of fame and fortune. Lunatics stop him on the street—the scenes dominated by Alvin Pepler (the nutty idiot-savant with perfect memory, total recall, and gnawing grievances, traduced into becoming the

*Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $10.95, 225 pp.

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fall guy in the notorious TV quiz scandals of the fifties which marked the end of American innocence) are brilliant comic set-pieces, inspired burlesque, vaudeville at its best. (Still, if the novel is to be faulted, it is precisely on the grounds that it is too much composed of gleaming fragments and episodes, dazzling but replaceable parts, "numbers," "turns," and here and there collapses into private jokes, nudges, and winks.) Cranks and extortionists drive him mad. His abandoned love will not take him back. As if his life hasn't changed utterly he goes on dining on greasy take-out food. Gossip columnists plague him. At his wit's end, he can't do a stroke of work. The world is too much with him. A madman (though he may not be mad at all, only a free-market entrepreneur with a nose for a good thing) demands a sizable bundle on the threat of kidnapping his mother. Life will never be the same.

But as with Roth so with Nathan: liberation or bondage, obscurity or fame, there is a canker at the heart of things, and a need (which if it were still permissible to use such language I'd call a repetition compulsion) to return to the source of pain. The flaring pain which afflicted the young Nathan in *The Ghost Writer* was never resolved, not finally and for good—the Jews of Newark were never really convinced, as any graduate student worth the grant-in-aid knows full well, that Art is autonomous, answerable to nothing but itself and its own laws of being, and transcends impiously the niggling little concerns of fools and philistines, relatives and neighbors. Such concerns in this instance as : Is it good or bad for the Jews? Is the wound it inflicts on the writer's family, lover, kin deep enough to kill—or surely maim beyond hope of renewal? Somehow, no one seems to understand the crucial distinction between Art and Life, artifact and artificer, the "art of depiction," as Nathan says, and that which is depicted—not Mom and Dad, not his brother Henry, not Aunt Essie, not even Laura, the splendid girl he leaves behind with her boring, virtuous work of defending, as their lawyer, peace and civil-rights activists when he himself decides to get out of the "virtue racket." They all persist, along with the crazies, fanatics, hustlers who torment him, in confusing "impersonation with confession." The moral question—the human costs and consequence of art—was left suspended in *The Ghost Writer*; and now that he has arrived it has come back to haunt him again, more tormentingly still. But the day of reckoning is at hand, and the judgment will be rendered.

"Bastard," his dying father says. "Bastard." That single curse constitutes his father's deathbed speech (at the end of a marvelous, bizarre deathbed scene); one word only but it is enough, it will do. That was the doting father who apparently wasn't quite convinced by Nathan's earlier attempts at explanation and self-justification (in a beautifully executed scene in the earlier novel), and that utterance is his final judgment upon his pride and joy, his firstborn son and *kaddish* Nathan, the Writer.

Lest there be any mistaking the evidence of his senses (the dying chiropodist, paralyzed by a succession of strokes, is incapable of speech; a final massive effort produces the terrible pronouncement, an outpouring, so to speak, of his heart's blood, though it kills him to say it), lest Nathan feel disposed to spare himself by deciding he had mis-heard, his decent, gentle brother assures him he heard right. *Bastard*, was what Dad said, he tells him, and that's only the beginning. *Bastard* is the least of it. It's one thing for the imagination to feed on life—to *prey* on life; it's another for it to devour, to cannibalize, its own flesh and blood, and so to engorge its essential sustenance. "You *are* a bastard," his only brother tells him. "A heartless conscienceless bastard" who doesn't begin to know the meaning of loyalty and love, responsibility, "self-denial . . . *restraint*—anything at all." And since the reckoning is definitive, a dramatic and structural climax, Henry allows nothing to escape his fury, as if he'd been waiting a very long time for this moment. "To you," he says, weeping, "everything is disposable! Everything is *ex*posable! Jewish morality, Jewish endurance, Jewish wisdom, Jewish families—everything is grist for your fun-machine. Even your shiksas go down the drain when they don't tickle your fancy anymore. Love, marriage, children, what the hell do you care. . . . You killed him, Nathan. . . . With that book." All the old man wanted, Henry tells him, was to hear his son say: "Dad, I love you"; that was the only gift he required. Instead, Nathan, the stand-up comedian, entertained him and the others keeping the death-watch by informing him in detail of the "big bang" theory of cosmic beginnings as culled from a paperback read on the plane-ride down to the deathbed in Miami.

A great, ancient, awesome theme: the wages of sin, the terrible exactions of art and imagination. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? What price is the artist willing to pay: anything at all up to and including that pact with the devil? How much bloodletting can the writer permit himself in order to compose his work—and

SAUL MALOFF, *a novelist and critic, is a regular contributor.*

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whose blood should he spill?

The resolution toward which Roth appears to be moving in *The Ghost Writer* is confirmed by the logic and form of this "sequel"—in effect a conclusive moral argument of the bridge-burning kind. Prometheus as Job. In a somber, elegiac final scene , Nathan, famous, rich, bereft, miserable, desolate, gazing into the abyss, returns to the old neighborhood for a last look at where it all started—in a hired limo driven by an armed bodyguard. Now, at last, all that is behind him, or so he tells himself: "Over . . . Over. Over. Over. Over Over. I've served my time." Everything is changed beyond recognition, of course. He is now "No one . . . no longer some good woman's husband . . . no longer [his] brother's brother, and you don't [he concludes] come from anywhere anymore, either." Even — *even*? — the old synagogue where he'd studied Hebrew in preparation for entering upon the state of manhood is now an African Methodist Episcopal Church.

What can be more definitive than that tolling bell "Over" pronounced one time more than Lear's five-times uttered "Never"? Yet the dead are not so easily buried as all that, as Nathan, poor boy, has reason to know, and if we hear further moral tales of the Zuckermans we should not be wholly surprised. That is the primal ooze and there the imagination spawns monsters.

Books: DIRTY LITTLE SOPORIFIC

AMBITION
THE SECRET PASSION
Joseph Epstein
Dutton, $13.95, 312 pp.

Jean Bethke Elshtain

THIS is a strange book. Epstein means to resurrect 'ambition' from the bad name it currently holds. Sadly, he observes, "To say of a young man or woman that he or she is ambitious is no longer, as it once was,a clear compliment. Rather the reverse. A person called ambitious is likely to arouse anxiety, for in our day anyone so called is thought to be threatening, possibly a trifle neurotic." So we've got a bad conscience about ambition. We assume that behind the achievements of ambition lie "vanity, greed, the will to power." Ambition is said to "bring out the worst in the people," to be "antisocial . . . insatiable . . . corrupting . . . leaves only victims, renders men mad . . . or pathetically broken." How did we reach this sorry impasse? Epstein aims to set matters straight and, along the way, to chide the bad-mouthers of ambition who run our country down.

The book's title promises much. It titillates us with the notion of a passion—a *secret* passion at that. Passions are a *force majeure*, at odds with utilitarian calculations of marginal utility. Passions will out; they have their own furious raison d'être. If ambition is such a thing Epstein should be able to uncover its many hiding places and faces once he strips off those layers of mystification and mealy-mouthed piety with which we have denied, suppressed, and hedged this passion about. The heart beats a little faster, for none of us is beyond a measure of glee at the unmasking of desire beneath the shroud of repressed denial.

To say that Epstein disappoints us is to understate the case. The book is a tedious exercise in coitus interruptus. Ambition, it turns out after all, is bourgeois common sense, "a certain Rotarian optimism . . ." Why Epstein persists in seeing his sanitized reduction of ambition from a passion to an interest as the resurrection of "a thing unseemly, in very poor taste, rather like a raging sexual appetite in someone quite elderly" is beyond me. The book has smooth sailing with a PG rating. It is fit for the eyes of every budding young American Horatio Alger and his contemporary female counterpart: shall we call her Harriet?

Epstein begins by stripping ambition down to "the fuel of achievement," "the spirit of futurity." "To be ambitious," he tells us, "is to be future minded." Sure, ambition produces "its usual perversities" but "whatever its excesses, ambition has at all times been the passion that best releases the energies that make civilization possible." Epstein's favorite epochs, made possible by robust ambition, include Periclean Athens, Augustan Rome, Italy under the Medici, France under Louis XIV and "one might wish to add to the list the United States of presidents Washington through Jefferson and England under Queen Victoria." It is noteworthy that all the societies he mentions, with the possible exception of early America which hadn't quite got its act together in this regard, were expansionist, imperialist, or mercantilist city-states, empires, or nation-states, driven by desire for power and pelf, mistreating 'barbarians,' 'lesser' folks, darker-skinned folks, or simply their next-door neighbors. As Steve Martin has remarked about comedy, ambition isn't (necessarily) pretty.

Quick on the heels of Epstein's vacuous definition of ambition and his shopping list of favorite ambitious societies, begins one of a number of biographical sketches of ambitious persons. The first is Ben Franklin and the list includes, mostly, people who have made big bucks: John D. Rockefeller, Henry Ford, Joseph Kennedy, though he throws in a few (Henry Adams) whose names were not made in the market. These cameo appearances by the ambitious departed are a species of hagiography, for clearly Epstein means to erect a pantheon of the ambitious for our edification. It's not quite as vapid as the self-help genre but it comes close. Why, at this late date, do we need a wholly inadequate sketch of John D. Rockefeller's life as an object lesson to the potentially wise? The individuals in Epstein's sketches never come alive—they are types set up for instruction, a species of capitalist socialist

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realism. They all point to Epstein's foregone conclusion, his epigrammatic summation of the meaning of America: "To offer a one-sentence gloss on American history, ours has been a country of vast opportunity, enormous wealth, tremendous social fluidity, and a powerful belief in progress." What's gone haywire, in Epstein's view, is that we *remain* a country of vast opportunity, enormous wealth, and tremendous social fluidity but we have *lost* our powerful belief in progress. It is just this he would restore through cheer-leading, positive thinking, and repeated reassurances that it's o.k. to be ambitious after all.

Who is this book meant for? Young people? The already powerful and successful? Balm for the ambivalent? Perhaps all of these in some measure. But it seems to me Epstein really intends to attack a host of enemies: hypocritical leftists and intellectuals, as well as professors and intellectuals, as well as the less-than-ambitious children of the successful who toss in the towel by becoming gardeners or truck drivers rather than Wall Street lawyers, doctors, and corporate leaders.

The people who really get Epstein's goat, and provide him with abundant evidence of rank "hypocrisy," are authors of books that deplore affluence as the authors grow rich; "Marxist professors with two Volvos in the driveways of their summer homes;" and the "pharisaical spectacle" of revolutionary lawyers "quartered in their $250,000 Manhattan condominium, the critic of American materialism with a Southampton summer home . . ." on and on. Epstein's ire is considerable but misplaced. These are easy targets. More than one wealthy socialist has had to deal with the personal and political paradox (or apparent paradox) presented by his position. But to call this "hypocrisy" rather than to see it as an irony of the social relations and economic arrangements of capitalist society is simplistic. What does Epstein want? That the rich person with a social conscience shut up and enjoy himself? That he sell everything he has and give it to the poor? (If he were Carnegie or Rockefeller his actions would be ennobling philanthropy.) Does Epstein think social arrangements can be wholly without paradox?

A second group of persons comes in for Epstein's contempt: those who have 'made it' and then undergone a 'crisis of success,' together with those who haven't tried to make it at all. He notes the personal crises of such diverse success stories as Michael Harrington and Richard Dreyfuss, labels them both individuals determined to fail at success, then relabels their crises just one more example of a grim determination not to grow up. Ditto for all the Peter Pans spawned by the upper-middle class, all those feckless youths who would rather raise radishes than tear up Wall Street. He condemns them for choosing "the simpler life. "They have not failed life's tests," he observes, "They have instead chosen not to take them."

Amazingly, Epstein goes on to throw up as the example par excellence of ambition in our time Alexander Solzhenitzyn! That Solzhenitzyn would spit in Epstein's eye, having repeatedly condemned, in speeches and essays, the craving after 'more' that characterizes most of Epstein's thumb-nail sketched heroes of ambition, seems not to faze him at all. To call Solzhenitzyn's life a model of ambition is to pare that life down to Rotarian size, not to enlarge it.

When all is said and done, it is Epstein's vision of ambition that is pharisaical and hopelessly uninteresting. For all his words about "forming our own destiny," for that is "what ambition is about," he frames that destiny within the narrow strictures of success American style. He can do this because he presumes, against a vast body of evidence, that "equality of opportunity has grown greater and greater." In a society in which fifteen percent of the population is below official poverty line and another 10-15 percent receive bare subsistence wages, it is Epstein's puzzlement that puzzles—but not for long. Epstein is a booster and boosters don't go in much for discomforting evidence and uncomfortable things like facts that may call their

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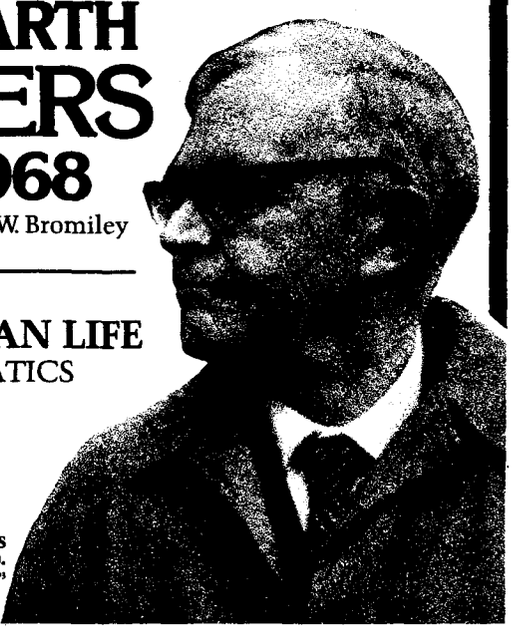

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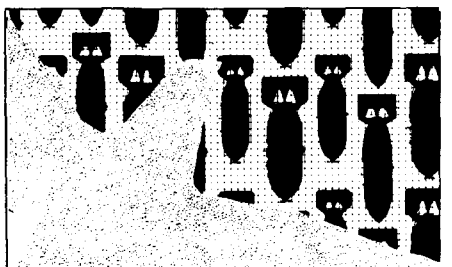
optimism into question. He can throw himself into a tizzy over the anomalous cases—a Marlon Brando earning $2.25 million for twelve days acting. But that isn't where the problem lies. The problem lies in a system of structural inequality in which income distribution, despite the graduated income tax, has remained fundamentally unchanged since 1910, and in which one-quarter to one-third of all American children, according to the Carnegie Council, are born into families with financial strains so great they will suffer basic deprivation.

Epstein begins with a self-proclaimed, bold attempt to reclaim ambition from limbo. Instead, his book works as a cover-up, a banal soporific. It may soothe the overheated brow of social conscience or throw oil over the troubled waters of pervasive social crisis. But Epstein's 'secret passion' turns out to be the de-fanged chant of the up-beat who hope that if they reiterate often enough just how terrific we have been and can be we will forget just how troubled we are.



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The Petrine ministry today

SOURCES OF RENEWAL
THE IMPLEMENTATION OF THE SECOND VATICAN COUNCIL

Cardinal Karol Wojtyla

Harper and Row, $14.95, 437 pp.

THE MIND OF JOHN PAUL II
ORIGINS OF HIS THOUGHT AND ACTION

George Huntston Williams

Seabury, $26.95, 392 pp.

HOW THE POPE BECAME INFALLIBLE
PIUS IX & THE POLITICS OF PERSUASION

August Bernhard Hasler

Doubleday, $14.95, 383 pp.

James Heft

I HAD literally just finished reading George Williams's highly informative, sympathetic and yet critical study of John Paul II when the radio carried the shocking news of the attempted assassination of this pope. These three books, about popes or by one, assume, in view of this event, a heightened relevance.

Almost every papal commentator admits that John Paul II is a complex person, but none to date has delved into his life and thought as deeply as George Williams. Two years before his election in October of 1978, Cardinal Wojtyla preached a Lenten retreat to Pope Paul VI which later was published under the title *Sign of Contradiction*. Today Williams can write that "the great Polish mystic, metropolitan, and moralist is now, as Pontiff, himself a sign of contradiction—in his physical and intellectual prowess, his admirable self-possession and self-discipline in all circumstances, the liberality and even winsome unconventionality of his tactics, and his gentle severity in his administration of the See of St. Peter with a voice of persuasion and command that approaches in diversity of tongues those heard by the first Conventicle of the Resurrected Christ in the upper Room at Pentecost."

Of the seven popes of this century, only John Paul II was a university professor, occupying the chair of ethics at the Catholic University of Lublin at Cracow for three years before being named Bishop. He held the rank of docent, below that of professors ordinary and extraordinary but above doctor adjunct and doctor assistant. He still holds that chair, draws a salary, is consulted on university matters and has even read three dissertations in his capacity as docent since he became pope. On his sixtieth birthday, May 18, 1980, he was given a complete bibliography of his works from 1949-1978 containing 630 titles (some duplicate each other in a second and third language). No pope has ever come to the papacy with such extensive prepapal writings. It is Williams's supposition that there is a continuity between the prepapal and papal writings, and he devotes the larger portion of his study to a careful analysis of the former. Especially helpful are his analyses of, first, Wojtyla's first doctoral dissertation done under the direction of Garrigou-LaGrange, the traditional Thomist and the opponent of the Nouvelle Théologie; second, his analyses of Wojtyla's second dissertation, his habilitation thesis, done to prepare him for university teaching, on whether a Christian Ethic could be erected on Max Scheler's phenomenology (although Wojtyla later said of his study of Scheler that "it opens up a new world, a world of values, and a fresh view of mankind," he remonstrated with his superior who wanted him to get the second doctorate, explaining that he didn't see himself as an academician, but as a pastor); and third, the analyses of two of Wojtyla's most important books, *Love and Responsibility* (1960), a "personalistic thomistic" essay on Christian marriage, and *The Acting Person* (1969, published in English in 1979 after some revision by himself and an American phenomenologist friend, Dr. Anna Tymieniecka). The inspiration for *The Acting Person*, a Christian anthropology

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of the person-as-revealed-in-his-acts that reflects phenomenological analyses and Thomistic principles (Wojtyla will conclude, as Williams puts it, that "a Catholic ethicist may be phenomenological in his methodology but not a phenomenologist"), was his exhilarating experience as a participant in the four sessions of Vatican II. Williams's sketches of the three thrusts of Thomism, the principles and concerns of the Nouvelle Théologie and phenomenology, provide lucid contexts for his discussions of the Polish prelate's intellectual development.

A fascinating chapter is devoted to Bishop Wojtyla's participation in Vatican II. In the Fall of 1963, at the Polish College in Rome, friends of the bishop recall how one evening he spoke with great enthusiasm about the council and several of its *periti*, including Karl Rahner and Hans Küng. Williams discusses six interpretations made by Wojtyla during public sessions where he argued, among other things, that the document on the church should speak of the whole people of God before discussing the priesthood, and that the tone of *Gaudium et Spes* should be such " that the world sees that we are not so much teaching the world itself in such an authoritative manner, but rather along with the (rest of the) world itself we seek the true and just solution of the difficult problems of human life. . . . Whoever is a teacher expert in his profession well knows that he is able to teach also by the so-called 'heuristic' method of permitting the pupil to find the truth as though on his own. . . . Such a method . . . excludes in every way things which show an 'ecclesial' mentality." In September of 1965, he was the first of the Fathers to give a strong defense of the document on religious freedom, a document on which John Courtney Murray labored and one which contains America's most distinctive contribution to the Council.

George Williams, for many years the Hollis Professor of Divinity at Harvard University, is a Protestant church historian and expert on the Polish church, who first met the pope in 1962 when he attended Vatican II as an observer, and then again ten years later when he spent a Guggenheim sabbatical semester at Lublin. His deep affection for the pope is evidenced not only by the thoroughness of his study, but by the forthrightness with which he offers his criticisms, the sharpest of which include the pope's overly negative picture of the United States, his tendency to blame theologians for most of the current trouble in the church, and his choice of the "narrower way" of solidification of doctrine and discipline ("the mysteries are almost all too clear").

On the tenth anniversary of the opening of the Council, John Paul II published in 1972, a book which outlines principles for the implementation of the Council: *Sources of Renewal*. He undertook the study, he writes, to repay a debt to the Holy Spirit. Despite the word "implementation," the purpose of this systematization of many Council texts, especially ones drawn from *Lumen Gentium* and *Gaudium et Spes*, is not so much the "how," but rather the more basic questions of the "what" to implement. The first part of the book introduces the basic significance of the Council's initiative by concentrating on the need for deeper faith, for dialogue, and for belief in the church herself. The second part deals with what is called the formation of consciousness and focuses on creation, the Trinity, redemption, the church as the people of God and the eschatological character of this people. The third and last part discusses the formation of attitudes, that is, of qualities that ena-

The Transcendent

. . . Liturgy, our communal worship, is supposed to help us go beyond the world of our own making, a world by definition as limited as we are, and place us in contact with an eternal world. And it is to do so in helping us grasp that the quality of our relationship with God is established by the quality of our relationships with the people around us . . .

Today we celebrate liturgies that have lost a sense of the transcendent . . . Hand-wringing or mourning the past, or even trying to recapture the past, are all efforts to no good purpose. More to the purpose is a conscious and definite effort to rework the liturgy so that it be transcendent, an effort to use symbols that function in a transcendent way. Granted, this is easier said than done. But in the church we have long recognized the principle that the transcendent can be symbolized, and we have symbolized it. We have symbolized it by the willingness of Catholics to live by transcendent values and have that willingness show, and we have done it by asking unusually creative individuals to benefit the church with their creativity . . .

——David K. O'Rourke, O.P. in *Commonweal*, April 25, 1980.

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ble a person to take a position and be ready to act in accordance with it. The longest chapter of the book describes the attitude of participation and emphasizes the need for all Christians to witness boldly in the world to the person of Christ. Many themes of his two-year pontificate appear in these pages, especially his preoccupation with the dignity and freedom of the human person.

August Hasler is a recently deceased (at the age of 43) Swiss diocesan priest who from 1966 to 1971 was a staff member of the Vatican Secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity. He wrote *How the Pope Became Infallible* as a condensed version of his two-volume heavily footnoted 1977 study which sold for a modest $150. Aimed at a wider and less sophisticated and affluent audience, this book intends to tell the whole truth about papal infallibility and Vatican I: (1) the dogma "has no basis either in the Bible or in the history of the church during the first millennium"; (2) the Council itself was manipulated by Pius IX and several archinfallibilists to such an extent that it was not free and that therefore its decrees are invalid; and (3) that papal infallibility is an ideology, that is, "a doctrine with no substrate in reality, something which arises out of needs of interest groups and is spread and protected by them."

Even this condensed version contains a great deal of detailed information, some of which, garnered from private letters and journals, locked up until recently in the Vatican Archives, has not before been available. Hasler's study indirectly points out the need to avoid a sort of "historical docetism" which would minimize the disagreements and confrontations that inevitably characterize the day-to-day proceedings of any church Council, albeit some more than others. More directly, it raises sharply certain questions—none of them new—that ought not to be glossed over by those who would overemphasize the formal authority of the magisterium: for example, the precise role of Pius IX in bringing about the definition, and more deeply, the relationship between dogmatic tradition and historical documents.

Finally, one specific comment and two general criticisms. It is not difficult to catch Hasler misreading some of his sources. For example, he twice quotes Hans Urs von Balthasar in a way that leaves the reader with the impression that von Balthasar thinks that the dogma is a "gigantic disaster." An examintion of von Balthasar's actual text (*Elucidations*, p. 100), however, shows that he writes that those who think that of Vatican I "put themselves among the ranks of the *terribles simplificateurs*."

More generally, Hasler has consistently presented an interpretation of the dogma more sweeping than what the council had actually defined: namely, an infallibility that is not absolute (there are real limitations on the pope), nor separate from the rest of the church (the pope *must* consult and represent the faith of the

Religious booknotes

New books & 'Strange Loops'

Marianne Sawicki

IT WAS Douglas R. Hofstadter who a couple of years ago gave us the concept of the Strange Loop. In *Gödel, Escher, Bach*, his zany treatise on logic, he coined the phrase for those occasions when an element within a system jumps out and acts upon the system. Hofstadter finds Strange Loops in music, in mathematics, and in the perceptually tricky drawings of M. C. Escher. Recall the Escher lithograph of two hands drawing each other, and you'll get the picture.

Once you know about Strange Loops, they start turning up in the darnedest places. There are several in *The Spirit of the Earth*, a volume of

***The Spirit of the Earth: A Teilhard Centennial Celebration**, edited by Jerome Perlinski, Seabury, $6.95, 159 pp., paperback.*

essays celebrating the hundredth birthday of Teilhard de Chardin. Teilhard is the thinker who thinks that thinking results from evolution and then helps evolution along by spurring the hominization of the world and christogenesis. This book gives us a chance to look in on the noosphere and see how Teilhard's evolutionary vision is evolving itself among Teilhard's disciples. The volume's editor, Jerome Perlinski, and the other contributors tell what encountering Teilhardianism has done to them, and what they in turn have done to the thought of Teilhard. While the essays are not equally matched, one or another of them will likely lasso the reader in a Strange Loop and tie him or her into its own micronoosphere. Teilhard's vision is such that to glimpse it helps it come true.

It is possible to meet oneself coming and going without having to execute a full-tilt Strange Loop. John A. T. Robinson does so in *The Roots of a Radical* (nice circularity to the title), wherein he doubles back over his

***The Roots of a Radical**, by John A.T. Robinson, Crossroad, $10.95, 176 pp.*

work in the 1970s in a pleasant representation of some of his essays from that period. There is a more urgent pace to Edward Schillebeeckx's *Interim Report*, where the Nijmegen theologian gives himself another chance to say what he really meant in the 1,700 pages of the first two installments of his christology, *Jesus* and *Christ*, and also replies to some of

***Interim Report on the Books "Jesus" & "Christ,"** by Edward Schillebeeckx, Crossroad, $9.95, 157 pp.*

his critics. Had he but world enough and time, this material were better edited into *Christ* and the third volume of the christology, which is eagerly awaited. But Schillebeeckx is 67, and his work during the last dec-

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church), nor finally personal (the pope is not made perfect by the fact that on certain occasions he can teach reliably whatever is necessary for salvation). Secondly, despite his avowed purpose of furthering ecumenical relations between Protestants and Catholics, he seems ironically unaware that precisely those ecumenical dialogues have come to conclude that infallibility is an ecclesial and ecumenical concept. Thus in 1975 a team of Lutheran and Catholic scripture scholars and theologians stated that the portraits of Peter in the New Testament and in the writings of the first few centuries are "obviously reconcilable with and indeed favorable to the claims of the Roman Church for the papacy." Along with Hans Küng, Hasler is out of step with the growing consensus of the ecumenical discussions that there is an important place for infallibility in the life of the whole church.

It is Williams's study of John Paul II more than Hasler's study of Pius IX that will in fact deepen understanding among Protestants and Catholics, indeed among all interested people, of the legitimate role of the Petrine ministry in the modern world.

---

ade is a late-breaking revolution in theology and theological method. It is exciting to see it happening in this book, as Schillebeeckx pushes ahead with his argument while attempting to secure the territory which he has already besieged and conquered.

In Frederick E. Crowe's estimation, the thought of Bernard Lonergan is more than a mere tool of theological method. It constitutes an "organon," a programmed relationship between theologian and theology. *The Lonergan Enterprise* compares Aristotle, who stands for deductive logic, and Francis Bacon, who stands for induction and the scientific method, with

***The Lonergan Enterprise**, by Frederick E. Crowe, S.J., Cowley, $5, 143 pp., paperback.*

Lonergan, who calls us to fidelity to the innate structures of consciousness itself. If Crowe is correct in his contention that Lonergan has provided an organon, that is, a tool that shapes its user, then there is a Strange Loop in Lonergan's thought. One might well demur from this conclusion, however, and concede only that Lonergan has provided an adept phenomenology of the ordinary self-understanding of theologians that reinforces what it discloses.

It is easier to accord the status of organon to critical theory, the Marxist persuasion that all knowledge has an interest in doing something—in other words, that every theory (theological ones included) has its practical ax to grind. This insight is the spark of modern critical consciousness, a spark that has lit many a brush fire across the landscape of religion, most notably the one called liberation theology. The spark of critical consciousness brightens Hans Küng's

***Art and the Question of Meaning**, by Hans Küng, Crossroad, $7.95, 71 pp.*

otherwise sleepyhead essay *Art and the Question of Meaning*. Küng sees an emancipatory dimension in art whereby it guides humanization and symbolizes what is yet to be consummated. J. B. Metz proposes a similar function of expectation for prayer in *The Courage to Pray*, a short book

***The Courage to Pray**, by Karl Rahner & Johann Baptist Metz, Crossroad, $3.95, 93 pp., paperback.*

conglomerating Metz's essay and a discussion of the communion of saints by Karl Rahner.

Prayer, one might say, completes the strangest loop of all, because through it the creature interacts with his or her Creator. Jacob Needleman is convinced that the secret of this loop, the mysterious hidden core of

***Lost Christianity**, by Jacob Needleman, Doubleday, $9.95, 237 pp.*

Christianity, has been lost to the mainstream. His quest for it is an adventure story that engages Needleman and engrosses the reader. His scholarly credentials notwithstanding, Needleman's story in *Lost Christianity* is indeed a flight of fancy, the tale of a jet-set religion researcher whom we see now in London, now on Mount Athos, then in Bangkok, Cambridge, and Berkeley. Needleman sets greatest store by that data which he unearths unwittingly. He is enlightened about the centering prayer thanks to some cassette tapes he happened to buy in a monastery gift shop. He has (or dreams he has) a conversation with an anonymous monk in an airport on the other side of the world, and a year later lo! a tattered manuscript arrives bearing Egyptian postage stamps but no return address—a strongly Gurdjieffian manuscript which he quotes at length. (Lucky the dreamer whose imaginary friends write his books for him!) Needleman says that the human soul is a rare achievement, not a universal endowment. The core of Christianity, we learn, has something to do with being "open" at the liturgy, and with forsaking emotion for the sake of feeling . . . but, why spoil the story?

By contrast, although lacking the cinematic potential of the Needleman book, Richard Woods's *Mysterion* is

***Mysterion: An Approach to Mystical Spirituality**, by Richard Woods, Thomas More, $14.95, 371 pp.*

a solid introductory textbook of the cultural and religious phenomenon of mysticism, "a map rather than a travelogue." This encyclopedic but readable work takes account of other scholarly literature and sets the material in historical perspective. For Woods, there is something democratic and non-elite about mysticism. Its secret is its simplicity. The only Strange Loop lurking here is the mystical itself. MARIANNE SAWICKI

(Marianne Sawicki, a Washington theologian, writer, and editor, will in the Fall become director of the Master's program in religious education at Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles.)

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A rich man & the kingdom of heaven

AMERICA, LOST & FOUND

Anthony Bailey

Random House, $9.95, 152 pp.

Stephen Darst

IT was serialized in *The New Yorker* as "630 Runnymede Drive" and appears as a book as "America Lost & Found," but it is not about an address, which is too narrow, nor about a country, which is too sweeping, but a family, the Spaeths, the whole Bavarian-Celtic lot of them, Debbie, Marna, Mimi, Tony and, especially, Otto and Eloise.

Bailey joined the Spaeth family in 1940 as a seven-year-old refugee from wartime England, was separated when he returned to his homeland in 1944 and refound them on later visits to the United States. *America, Lost & Found* touches on Bailey's English family but the true focus is the family he knew at 630 Runnymede Drive, Dayton, Ohio, from October 1940 to October 1944. Mimi was a baby, Marna and Debbie were away at school or moving in a slightly more mature Dayton social circle, and so the member of the family Bailey came to know best was Tony Spaeth, a year his junior. Because neither wished to relinquish rights to the name "Tony," they became, for good purposes of good household order and quick identification, Tonyspaeth and Tonybailey. Tonyspaeth became not only Tonybailey's inseparable friend but also his principal guide to the intricacies of that part of American culture of interest to pre-adolescent youths—baseball, boxing, the aesthetics of motor car design, slang, camp life, model trains.

The Lewis and Clark of Bailey's expedition into the New World were, however, not contemporaries. Tony Spaeth's parents, Eloise and Otto, knew precisely where pre-adolescent culture left off and true culture began. For that part of the trip, they were the guides, through catechetics and table manners and appreciation of music and art and the character-building possibilities of candor and eggplant. There was a lesson to be learned even from strolls—which was that in this life, at least in this household, there was no such thing as a stroll. The right shoes, comfortable, sturdy, practical, and a breakneck pace. Eloise Spaeth was the world-class instructor in heel-and-toeing and with Bailey all lessons seem to sink-in permanently: Dayton walks in the forties put the reader in mind of Bailey's later walks around the circumference of Manhattan or up the Connecticut coast and the memorable New Yorker pieces they inspired.

Otto Spaeth was one of those rare men who seem not merely many-faceted but multi-generational as a fortune-founder; his politically-liberal son and culturally-inclined grandson were all rolled into one. It isn't supposed to happen that way in this country. Fortune-founders curse their sons' liberal professors and shun the museum-trotting grandchildren. Occasionally, though, you find an Adolphus Busch who founds the brewery, endows the Harvard chair and enunciates liberal sentiments impeccably in several languages. Perhaps it has something to do with Bavarian culture. Or with the beer business. At any rate, when it happens the result is an extremely fascinating, highly-complex, utterly original character. For example, an Otto Spaeth, Bavarian-American, founder of a beer fortune (involved in the founding of Pabst), a liberal Democrat in politics, a patron of art and music and culture in general, a founder of the Americans for Democratic Action, the Catholic Interracial Conference and various other liberal organizations. He fit in, a friend once said, like a rattlesnake among the Roosevelt-haters at his Dayton Country Club. Very devout and extremely rich, Otto Spaeth possessed a mind fine enough to appreciate the inevitable tensions between God and Mammon and to distinguish without difficulty between God and Francis Cardinal Spellman and Mammon and the decent pursuit of the good life. If it was as difficult for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, well that was, among other things, a problem of tool-and-dye making, of innovations in eye-design for Otto and his favorite inventor of the moment to tackle on the jig machine at his Dayton Tool and Engineering Company.

He believed that the Republican Party was the party of some other rich man, labor unions were perfectly welcome in his plant, blacks at his table and artists were to be listened to, befriended, encouraged. All of this in the forties, the thirties, the twenties. If that makes him sound, God help us, like what was once called a Commonweal Catholic that is exactly what he and Eloise and the entire Spaeth family are and were in good times and bad, in spades, no apologies, and a pleasure they are to behold, found, and refound, and let us hope to be found again many more times, striding along any street or in the pages of other magazines and books, under any title or address.

REVIEWERS

JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN *is associate professor of political science at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst.*

FATHER JAMES HEFT, S.M., *is a member of the faculty of the University of Dayton.*

STEPHEN DARST *has written for the* New York Times, Harper's *and other journals.*

Correspondence

(Continued from page 386)

There are plural ways to induce increased productivity, some of which include the Catholic concern for just distribution. Nevertheless, sufficient attention to the issue of increased productivity remains a gaping *lacuna* in Catholic social thought.

Secondly, in his review of Catholic social thought in Germany and Austria, Alfred Diamant *(Austrian Catholics and the First Republic)* remarks that the strength of social Catholicism lay in its ability to criticize the injustices and inhumanity in both liberalism and collectivist socialism. Yet he notes "the almost complete inability of Catholic critics to

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prescribe successfully for the ills of transition and to propose workable alternative institutions and ideals." Catholic social thought has been too long on principles and ideology (its strength), much too meager on concrete strategy, programs and imaginative evocation of alternative forms to embody its principles. Without these latter, any ideology is bound to seem airy and ethereal, as from another world. But this sort of concretion might just embarrass the desire of the popes—and other Catholics—to find someplace to stand "above politics."

Diamant also remarks that in rejecting class warfare as a thing inevitable, Catholic thought conjures up a naive harmony unlikely in a "modern society with its bewildering multitude of groups pursuing different and often conflicting aims." Catholic reluctance to face issues of conflict and power politics head-on has to be overcome before its social theory will get the attentive audience it deserves.

A final point. As Gregory Baum suggests in his recent book, *Catholics and Canadian Socialism*, the encyclicals can be read in either a socialist or a non-socialist way. What needs explaining is why—when in a crunch—Catholic political parties and bishops almost always used them to defend non-socialist (or to use a more neutral term, non-economic democracy) ways. Somehow social Catholicism—like Catholicism itself—is often more glorious in what it preaches than what it practices. Systematic slippages into defense of capitalism by those who propound the theory, however, demand some explanation. Still and all, I agree strongly with Hux that social Catholicism is an ideology well worth preaching today. Who knows, maybe even Catholics might start listening?

(REV.) JOHN A COLEMAN S.J.
Fellow,
The Woodrow Wilson Center of
International Scholars

Basic liberalism still

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Jim Chapin's article, "What the Democrats should do," [Mar. 27] devoted one sentence to specific ideas of mine. Out of context, the author gave his shorthand version of my attitude toward productivity, oil profits, nuclear power, and Bella Abzug. Thus he purported to "quickly dismiss" my ideas as "indistinguishable from the old conservatism."

On the contrary, I remain committed to basic liberal values. I believe government can and must act to increase economic, social, and political justice. I believe policies must respect the fragile links of the ecosystem and the fundamental bonds of humankind.

Last year I began writing a book on how we must apply these values to the urgent problems of the 1980s and 1990s. It will be published this fall by Alfred A. Knopf. I hope that my ideas will receive a more comprehensive review in *Commonweal* at that time.

PAUL T. TSONGAS
U.S. Senator from Massachusetts

Correction

In Abigail McCarthy's column "Still Reaching" [June 5], a typographical error occurred in the quote from Mary Burke's book *Reaching for Justice*. The last two lines of the quote should have read: "In addition, the public activities of some women in the group make them very much a part of the women's movement. Phyllis Schlafly, for example, is as much known for her stand on women's issues as is Betty Friedan."

Church/worldwatch

(Continued from page 395)

nounced that the church and its institutions would not participate in the "Republic Festival," a celebration of the independence of South Africa. The church would not participate because "the great majority of the people in South Africa" cannot approve of its policies and laws, and cannot celebrate the society as it presently functions. The courage of Archbishop Hurley's call invites the church in the West to do its part so that our nation will not celebrate or support (as we presently do in various forms) what can neither be celebrated or supported in South Africa.

J. BRYAN HEHIR

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The Workers of the Holy Family, Zamora, Michoacan, Mexico, have no room for vocation prospects. Help build a formation house. Donations — large and small — to: Bishop J. Esaul Robles Jimenez, Apdo. 18, Zamora, Michoacan, Mexico. Ad donated by Raphael O'Loughlin, C.S.B.

Kirkridge Gathering

The Company at Kirkridge, a supportive network for contemporary Christians will meet August 7,8,9, 1981 at Penn State University. Prof. Rustum Roy, scientist and Christian activist will present, "Enriching your Faith with Modern Scientific Insights." The cost is $25 for members; $30 for others. To register or for more information write Kathy Mourant 718 Glenn Rd., State College, PA 16801.

Schoolhouse Needed

A pioneer Ursuline mission among impoverished coal miners in North India needs a "Middle School for the education of children and the uplift and development of the people." The Belgian government is contributing 75% of the construction cost, the rest to come from the hard-pressed people themselves and outside donations. Checks should be sent to: Sister Paula De Block, a/c#1122, Ursuline Provincialate, Kanke Road 273/303, Ranchi 831008, Bihar, India (Airmail 40¢).

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—William Shakespeare
Poet. Actor. Playwright

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Courses, and perhaps even whole departments, may be dropped.

Research spending may be pared down to almost nothing.

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